



THE
Countesse of Pembrokes
Yuychurch.

*Conteining the affectionate
life, and vnfortunate death of
Phillis and Amyntas : That in
a Pastorall ; This in a Fune-
rall : both in English
Hexameters.*

By ABRAHAM FRAVNCÉ.



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William Ponsonby, dwelling in
Paules Churchyard, at the
signe of the Bishops
head.





To the right excellent, and most honorable
Ladie, the Ladie Marie, Countesse
of Pembroke.

IF Amyntas found fauour in your gra-
cious eyes, let Phillis bee accepted for
Amyntas sake. I haue somewhat al-
tered S. Tassoes Italian, & M. VVat-
sons Latine Amyntas, to make them
both one English. But Tassoes is Co-
micall, therefore this verse vnusual: yet it is also Pastoral,
and in effect nothing els but a continuation of æglogues,
therefore no verse fitter than this. For such as generally mi-
slike this reformed kinde of verse, as I spake before, so
I say stil, I neuer heard better argument of them than this;
Such an one hath doone but ill, therefore no man can doo wel:
Which reason is much like their owne rymes, in condemning
the arte, for the fault of some artificers. For others, that like
well of the thing, but not of my peculier labour herein,
mine aunswere is the same it was: if there were anie penal-
tie appointed for him that would not read, bee might well
complaine of mee that publish it to bee read: But if it bee in
euerie mans choyce to reade it, or not to reade; why then not
in mine also to publish or not to publish it? Hee that will,
let him see and reade; hee that will neither reade nor see, is

neither bound to see nor reade. If anie begin to reade, when
hee beginneth to take no delight, let him leaue off, and go no
further. If he folowe on in reading without pleasure, let
him neither blame mee, that did what I could; nor bee an-
grie with the thing, which hath no sense; but reprobend him
selfe, who would continue in reading, without anie plea-
sure taking.

Your Honours

most affectionate,

Abraham Fraunce.



Amyntas Pastorall.

The first part of the Countesse of Pembrokes Twychurch.

The Speakers.

Cupid in a Shepheards cloake.

Daphne.

Phyllis.

Amyntas.

Thyrfis.

Elpinus.

A Satyre.

Fuluia:

Ergastus.

Chorus, all of Shepheards.

The Prologue by Cupid in a Shepheards cloake.

WHO would thinke that a God lay lurking vnder a gray cloake,
Silly Shepheards gray cloake, & arn'd with a paltery sheephooke?
And yet no pety God, no God that gads by the mountaines,
But the triumphantst God that beares any sway in *Olympus*:
Which many times hath made man-murdring *Mars* to be cursing
His blood-sucking blade; and prince of watery empire
Earth-shaking *Neptune*, his threeforckt mace to be leauing,
And *Ioue* omnipotent, as a poore and humble obeissant,

The Prologue.

Three-flak't lightnings and thunderbolts to abandon.
And I belecue, thus shap't, and thus with a mantle adorned
Lady *Venus* will scarce finde out her wily *Cupido*,
Mine owne mother, I hope, will scarce take mee for her owne son.
Shee makes me run away, and thus compells me to hide me,
For that still shee byds, and still commaunds as a mother
Boy, and bowe, and all: and still perfwades as a woeman
Proud-harted woeman, that I bende my bowe to the Court still,
And, as a Lord, with Lords and Ladies still be a dwelling:
As for Parckes and woods, such wooden stufte she referreth
Vnto the wanton waggess that waite on Lordly *Cupido*.
But let a woman talk, let boyes be afraid of a woeman,
Lord of loue's no boy, although that he seeme to be boylike:
Ple bestow myself, as best shall seeme to my owne self;
Doves be my mothers byrds, but destiny gaue to *Cupido*
All-inflaming lampe and golden bowe for a weapon.
Ofentimes doo I hide myself, and flie from my mother
(Not that I owe any suite as a seruile slaue to my mother,
But that I can not abide to be dayly desir'd by my mother
For to renounce Hoblobs, and ayme at a King or a Kaifar)
Ofentimes doo I flie, and shroude my selfe in a thicket,
Leauing Christall throanes for bowres and rustical harbors:
But no sooner I can conuey myself from *Olympus*,
But she begins to demaund and aske for louely *Cupido*,
Wher's that wandring boy, that vile boy, louely *Cupido*?
Seeke and search my boy, my wagg, my louely *Cupido*:
Looke for a curldpate boy, his wings will quickly bewray him,
Looke for a boy with a lampe and bow and quier about him:
Whoso findes my boy, my ioy, my louely *Cupido*,
And brings back my boy, shall haue for a friendly remembrance,
Ei her a sweete sweete kisse, or somewhat more than a sweete kisse:
As though Loue'y *Cupid* to a fryend that loue's to be sylent,
Neyther could nor would allow for a fryendly remembrance
Eyther a sweete sweete kisse, or somewhat more than a sweete kisse.
And, I belecue, my kisse, (if loue intend to be louely)
Wil be a sweeter kisse to a lasse then Queene *Cytheraues*.
Thus, many tymes in vaine shee seekes for louely *Cupido*,
Louing girls are loath to bewray their louely *Cupido*.
Yet, to be more secure, my curledlocks I doo curtall,
My wings are layde downe, my bowe and quier abandond,

Weapons

The Prologue.

Weapons all set aside; and yet loue stands not vnarmed.
For this staffe, that seemes but a toy, that I beare for a fashyon,
Is Loues lampe indeede, and beares but a shew of a sheephooke,
Loues transformed lampe, with most inuincible ardor,
Most inuisible heate, and secrete ardor abounding,
Though in forme but rude, and goldhead seemes to be wanting,
Whoso feeles his force, shall finde it not to be poyntles,
Where it lights it workes, and leaues impression endles:
This blunt dart shall giue that cureles wound to the hartroote
Of loueles damsel, most loueles damsel among it all
Those loueles damfels that wayte on mighty *Diana*,
Phillis (that's her name) disdainefulst wench of a thousand
Shall in her hardest hart conceaue as mighty a louef wound,
As was that, that I made in tender brest of *Amyntas*.

Now many pleasant springs are past, since yong Lad *Amyntas*
And yong gyrl *Phillis*, them selues were woont to be sporting,
Now to be gath'ring flowr's, and filberds now to be crickings,
Now to be laying gins for byrds, and now to be angling:
And yet, that this blow may make more forcible entrance
And more speedily pierce, ile stay and looke for a fit time:
When pyty moues her mynde, and makes her brest to be tender,
Then wil I stryke and wounde; and that this louely begynnyng
May as luckyly end, ile talk and walk as a heardsinan,
And so insinuate my self to the company rurall
Of these iolly Shepheards which hether now be repaying,
All in a braue meryment dame *Flora*'s wakes to be keeping,
With theyr garlands greene, and boughs of Myrtle adorned.
Here, eu'n here wil I make that most incurable harts-wound
Which no mortall eye shall see: then louely *Cupido*
Louely *Cupido*'s fame in these woods shalbe resounding,
These woods then shall feele a triumphant powre to be present,
And perceaue that I woork by my self, and not by my seruants:
Noble thoughts wil I send, and high conceipts wil I breath forth
Into the lowli'est myndes, and frame theyr voire to a sweeter
And more sugred tune: for wheresoeuer I harbor,
Wheresoeuer I keepe, ile stil be the louely *Cupido*,
As wel in Hoblobs heart, as in heart of a King or a Kaifar,
And as I list, I doe make an vnequall mynde to be a quall:
And this is only my ioy, and herein most doo I glory,
That by the quyckning heate, by the fire of louely *Cupido*

The Pralogue.

Oaten pipe contends with learned Laute of a Lording,
Which if my Mother (who scorn's that I am thus a wandring
Here and there by the woods) can not conceaue to be wondrous,
Then shee's blinde her selfe, and not sweete louely Cupido,
Whom some blinde fooles haue blinde boy vnworthily called.

The first Act, and first Scene,

Daphne, Phillis.

WHat? Will *Phillis* then consume her youth as an anckresse,
Scorning daintie *Venus*? will *Phillis* still be a Modder,
And not care to be cal'd by the deare-sweete name of a Mother?
Will not *Phillis* ioy to beholde her selfe in a *Phillis*,
And her trueloues face in a yong boyes face to be shining?
Change this minde, fond wench, and this resolution alter.

Phillis.

Seeke the delles of loue, who list, (if loue be delightfull)
This life is my loue, my bowe and shafts be my treasure,
Hunting is my ioy; with stubburne beasts to be struing,
Vntil I fell them downe, and fearefull beasts to be chasing.
And, till woods want beasts, and quier feathered arrowes,
Phillis shall not want any sweete sports or pretty pastimes.

Daphne.

Fine sweete sports indeede for a girle, and wise pretty pastimes,
Still to be killing beasts, and still by the woods to be ranging.
This life, toyle some life, for a while doth seeme to be pleasant,
Only because as yet thou hast not tri'd any other:
So those simple soules that liu'd when *Ioue* was an infant,
Tooke for pleasant drinke, and meate well worthie a mans mouth,
Streames of purling brookes, and nutbrowne kernel of accorne:
But now, streames of brookes, and nutbrowne kernel of accorne
Are contenin'de as drinke and meate but fit for a beasts mouth,
Since that corne and grapes were once knowne how to be vsed.

If thou couldst, nay wouldst (and who would not, but a fonkin)
Only but one time taste, and but taste onely the thousandst
Part of those pleasures and ioyes, which still be abounding
In true-louers soule, when he feelles himself to be loued,
Thou wouldst quickly repent, and quickly bewray thy repentance,
And say thus with teares; Each loueles life is a luckles
And accursed life: my best dayes vainly be ended,

Flowring

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

Flowring time is gone, and age creepes hastily onwarde.
How-many fruyteles nights, poore foole, did I waste as a Wyddowe?
How-many ioyles dayes as a Nunne did I drawe to the cunynge?
Dayes, to be passed away with winged boyes prety pastymes,
Nights to be spent with toyes and ioyes of louely *Cupido*,
Pastimes, toyes, and ioyes, which more ioy' de breede me the more ioye.
Change this minde, fonde wench, and this resolution alter.

Phyllis.

When that I seeme to repent, or seeme to bewray my repentance,
Or say so with teares; let floods run back to the fountaines,
Let Woolues fly fro the Lambe, and trembling Hare to the Greyhounde,
Let Beares range by the sea, and Dolphin swymme by the deserte.

Daphne.

See what it is to be yong; gyrles always vse to be peeuish:
Soe was I in tymes past, (Good tyme il past) when I wanted
Age and experience, and so did I trudge to the Forrest.
Golden locks, cherylips, red-white face, yuory fingers,
Prowde as a prayd Peacock, and so did I trudge to the Forrest.
Netts were then my delyte, and bended bow my reioycing,
Poynted dartes my ioy, and slaughtered beasts my triumphing.
If that I sawe myself (myself vnluckily selfwilde)
But by a glaunce, one glaunce of a Louers eye to be noted,
Downe did I hang my head, and bow myne eyes to my bosome,
Sore displea'd forsooth, and, God wot, greatly abashed
When my pleasing face to a loues looke brought any pleasure,
As though t'were some fault, or shame, or mock to my ownself,
For to be looked vpon, to be lou'd, and sought for of others.
But what can not tyme effect? What can not a louers
Continuall wooing, long seruyng, dayly deseruyng
Bring by degrees at length, at length, to a fortunat endyng?
Phyllis, I must confesse, at last I began to be yeelding
Vnto a Loues conquest: and these armes made me be yeelding,
Long patience, kyndenes, sighs, teares, importunat askings.
Then did a night, one night, one shorte night teach mee a lesson,
Which many thousand dayes would neuer let me be learnyng:
Then did I quickly repent, and quickly bewray my repentance,
And say thus with teares: Now farewell mighty *Diana*,
Bowes and shafts I renownce, and brutish life I abandon.
So, I doo hope, one day, thy gentle-mynded *Amyntas*
Shall with aboundant teares make thy hard hart to be tender;

B

And

The first part of the

And why should not I hope, when I see iust matter of hoping?
Is not *Amyntas* fayre? is hee not lou'd of many Lasses?
Dooth not hee loue *Phillis*? yet *Phillis* loue's not *Amyntas*:
And yet, alas, neyther thy hate, nor loue of an other
Can withdraw his loue: And, i. thou looke to thy gentrie,
As sweete *Cydippe* is know'n to be truly thy mother,
Cydippe daughter to the sacred God that aby deth
In this syluer brooke; foe, father of haples *Amyntas*
Was good *Syluanus*, *Syluanus* son to the greate *Pan*,
Pan the shepheards greate God, that rul's and raig'n's by the Forrest.
And, if *Phillis* chaunce to behould her face in a fountayne,
Phillis will not seeme more fayre then fayre *Amaryllis*:
And *Amaryllis* fayre lou's gentle minded *Amyntas*;
And *Amaryllis* loue is still contemn'd of *Amyntas*,
For that, *Phillis* loue still rests in soule of *Amyntas*,
Although *Phillis* alas hates her true'ouer *Amyntas*.
Now suppose for a while (God graunt it proue but a suppose)
That *Phillis* sowre lookes drye of this loue of *Amyntas*,
And *Amaryllis* loue draw on this loue of *Amyntas*,
And that *Amyntas* kisse, kisse and embrace *Amaryllis*,
And laugh at *Phillis*: what then wil *Phillis* imagin?

Phillis.

Well: let *Amyntas* deale as seemeth best to *Amyntas*,
And loue somewhere els; his loue hath made me to hate hym.

Daphne.

Loue breede hate? Sweete Syre of a most vnnatural offspring
And vile degenerate bastard; but when wil a white swan
Hatch any coleblack crowe? or meeke sheepe foster a Tyger?

Phillis.

Daphne leaue this talk, or looke noe more for an answer:
His loue breedes my hate, when I hate to aford what hee loueth:
Hee's not a fryend, but a foe, that my virgynyty seeketh:

Daphne.

Why then, stifneckt bull is a foe, not a fryend to a heyfer,
And to a Turtledoue, not a fryend, but a foe is a Turtle.
Why then sweete springetyme breedes hate and works many mischifs,
Sweetesmyling spring-tyme, that wils each thing to be louing,
World and ail in world; o see how sweetly the Pigeon
There with a murmur sweete his copsemate sweete is a wooing.
Mark that Nightingale, which hops fro the bry'r to the hawthorne,

Harck,

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

Hark, how brauely shee sings, I doo loue, and loue to be louely.
Nay eu'n fell serpents with cursed poyson abounding,
Strong and stoordy Lions, and Tygers fierce be a louing:
And yet *Phillis* alas *Phillis* more fierce than a Tyger,
Woorse than a wylde Lionesse, and more vnkyn'de than a serpent,
Phillis liues stil alone, and can not abyde to bee louely.

But strong stoordy Lions, fierce Tygers, slippery serpents
Haue sense and feeling, therefore noe wonder at all, if
Serpents, stoordy Lions, and Tygers fierce be a louing:
O then looke to the trees, and learne of them to be lonely,
Looke to the fenceles trees, and mark how dearely the vine-tree
Lou's her louing elme, and clipps him fast with a thousand
Thousand embracements, and beech-tree cleaues to the beech-tree,
And wil'de ash to the ash, and pine-tree leane's to the pine-tree.
Yea that broadebrauncht oake which stands soe stoordyly pitched,
And seemes rude and rough, not mou'd with a storme or a tempest,
Yeelds to a kynde of loue; and, if thou were but a little
Tutcht with loue, thou mights perceaue his louely bewaylings,
And secrete groanynge: and wilt thou then be for all this
Woorse then a fenceles tree, and neuer learne to be louely?
Change this myde, fond wench, and this resolution alter.

Phillis.

Well: when I see trees weepe, and heare theyre louely bewaylings
And secrete groanynge, I'll frame myself to be louing.

Daphne.

Tis but a folly I see, to be wasting wyn'de on a prou'd gyrl,
That knows nought her self, and wil not learne of another.
Thou that mak'st it but a iest of loue, hereafter, I doubt not,
Wilt full sore lament, and fyn'de all true that I tell thee:
When thou shalt for shame fly back fro the watery fountayns,
Back fro the springs where now thou see'st thy face to be shynyng,
For very shame and grieve to behold thy beauty decayed
And face all wrynkled: that's bad, but that's but a common
Mychiefe, looke in tyme that a worse plague light not vpon thee.
I'll say nought; but I wot what news were truly reported
By sage *Elpinus* last day, to the louely *Lycoris*:
And he reported afore *Corydon* and *Alphesibæus*
Twoe greatest maysters of loues lawes, and he reported
In fayre *Auroras* greate Caue, whose bewtiful entrance
Hath these woords engrau'd by the hand of louely *Cupido*,

The first part of the

(This place is sacred, for louers only apoynted)
There *Elpinus* sayd, and sayd that he heard it of ould tyme
Of that great pastor, (greate man, whose sweetly resounding
Pipe did passe fro the fyelds and sang of martial horrors,)
How that in hels deepe pitt, foule fyends haue framed a dungeon,
All as black as pyth, and all as darck as an ouen,
Hard by the ioyles bancks where smokes and fogs be arising
From wayling *Acheron*: and there these no-pyty-taking
Dames and scornefull gyrls are all condemn'd to be plagued,
All tormented there in dungeons ougly for euer.
There fitt place, fayre walkes for *Phyllis* shalbe prepared:
There shall fogs, and mystes, and smokes, and palpable horror
Wring out teares from her eyes, and force her still to be wayling,
Whom no louers smart, no grieve could make to be weeping.

Phyllis.

Good sweete *Daphne* peace, and tell this againe to *Lycoris*,
Terrific babes with bugs: its tyme to be gone to the huntyng
Solempne great hunting which this same day is apoynted
In that pleasant parck, that sweetest parck of a thousand
Yuychurches parck, prery Yuychurch, that on hill topp
Flowring hill topp sits, and looketh downe to the valleys,
There, o there, I dooe heare (for soe *Phylouenia* tould mee)
There that Nymph, braue Nymph, that pearcles *Pembrokiana*
Yuychurches Nymph doth meane herself to be present,
And with her owne person giue grace and life to the pastime.
Ile to my wonted well with Christall water abounding,
There wil I leaue this dust and sweate that I gate by my toyling
Yesterday, when I made that lightfoote Doe to be tumbling.

Daphne.

And i'le hoame, for an howre or twoo: and then to the huntyng,
Then to the parck wee'le goe: in meane tyme marck what I tould thee
More than parcks and wells, and, if symplicity blynde thee,
Know thy not knowing; soe, mayst thou know of an other.

*The second Scene. Amyntas,
Thyrsis.*

Hollowe caues, ragd rocks, waste hills, greene watery fountaynes
For pyty, sweetely reply, and aunswers make to my mournyng:
Strong oake, tall pinetree, greene laurell, bewtiful Yuy

For

Countesse of Pembrokes Truychurch.

For pity, sweetly reply, and aunswers make to my mourning,
Shake theyr leaues for grief, and bend theyr bowes to my groning:
Only that one in whom my ioyes are only reposed
Yeelds no louely reply, no aunswer mak's to my mourning,
Phillis faire and fierce; *Phillis* more fierce to *Amyntas*
Than strong oake, tall pine, greene lawrell, bewtiful yuy,
Hollowe caues, ragd rocks, waste hills, greene watery fountaines.

When blackmantled night mak's euery thing to be silent,
Euery thing at rest, then wandreth restles *Amyntas*:
Siluer moone, bright starrs, you knew these heauy bewaylings,
And for grief your course and due reuolution altered:
But shee alas grieues not, tak's no compassion on mee,
Whose hart-cheering face, and sweete illuminat eysight
Siluer moone, bright starrs, and all your brauery stayned,
And made you for shame, your due reuolution alter.

Thyrsis.

Harmeles sheepe and lambs eate grasse: and greedy deuouring
Woolues eate harmeles sheepe and lambs: but surly *Cupido*
Surly *Cupido* feeds himself on streames of abounding
Teares, and's neuer fild, and yet stands euer a feeding.

Amyntas.

No, no, *Thyrsis*, alas: Loue lacks no teares of *Amyntas*,
Surly *Cupido*'s full, stufte full with teares of *Amyntas*,
And thyrsits now for blood, seeks blood of woful *Amyntas*,
And what he seeks, he shal haue; I'le quench theyr thirst by my hartblood,
Blynde boy's, proud gyrls thirst: and glut theyr eyes with abundant
Streames of purpled gore of tootoo wretched *Amyntas*.

Thyrsis.

O bloody word, fowle word, ô God forbid that *Amyntas*
Should or think, or woork any outrage vnto *Amyntas*.
Cast of these fancies, leaue these toyes, pluck vp a mans-hart:
If bony *Phillis* scorne, and make but a mock of *Amyntas*,
Yet shal *Amyntas* finde as braue gyrls as bony *Phillis*.

Amyntas.

Finde braue gyrls? ô grieve: if *Amyntas* finde not *Amyntas*,
How can he finde others? ô how shal he finde bony Lasses,
If that he loose himself? ô how shal I seeke any other,
Since my setled soule and hart are like to an aged
And well grounded tree, which now is come to the full groath,
And will rather breake, than bend, or yeeld to be turned.

The first part of the

Hate augments my loue; her frownes geue fyre to my fancy,
As gentle spaniel, whom beating makes to be louing.

Thyrsis.

Feare in a feareful man frets more than plagues that he feareth:
Hope, and haue, in time any man may gaine any woeman.
Long time mighty Lions at length hath brought to the brydle,
And wyldest Tygers at length are tam'de in a long tyme.

Amyntas.

Yea, but alas long tyme's too long for wretched *Amyntas*:
Death must speedely speede, noe wretch can abyde any long tyme.

Thyrsis.

Stay but a while, noe doubt these things will mend in a short time:
Thou knowst that woemen by kinde are mutable euer,
Soone hoate, and soone cold, like and mislike in a moment,
Change as a weathercock, and all as light as a feather.

But let *Thyrsis* now know more at large of *Amyntas*
His distressed state; for though thou touldst me a great while
Since, that Loue gaue first occasion vnto thy torments,
And that proud *Phyllis* gaue fresh increase to thy sorrowes,
Yet whence this loue sprang, who was that *Phyllis* I knew not.
And sith so many yeares w'haue liu'd so friendly togeather,
And apply'd oursel's to the lores of learned *Apollo*,
Ther's cause why *Thyrsis* should know those things of *Amyntas*,
Which his *Amyntas* knows, and will shew only to *Thyrsis*.

Amyntas.

Know o *Thyrsis* then, know this mine infinite anguish,
Which these hills well know, which these sweete watery wells know,
And yet no man knowes: my fatall howre is aproaching,
My death drawes so neare, that now its time to prouide some
Time to prouide some friend, which may and wil be reporter
Of death and deaths cause, which wil for a friendly remembrance
Death and cause of death ingraue in bark of a beech tree,
Hard by the damned place, where corps of murdered *Amyntas*
Ploodies corps shall lie, that when that braue bony damsel
That pyties *Phyllis* shall chaunce that way to be passing,
Her proude foote, and yet sweete foote may ioy to be treading
Treading and trampling these baleful boanes of *Amyntas*.
And that serpents tong, thus take a delite to be vaunting,
This death is my triumph, these bruyed boanes my *strophæum*,
That such strange travelers as this way chaunce to be wandring,

And

Countesse of Pembrokes Trechurch.

And forren Pastors that passe by the graue of *Amyntas*,
May know this conquest, and make it know'n to the countrey.
And perchaunce (ô noe, that's too too good for *Amyntas*)
Yet perchaunce one day may once come, when bony *Phillis*
When bony sweete *Phillis*, now moou'd with a louely repentance,
Louely remorse, may take some small compassion on mee,
And, when tis too-late, lament this losse of *Amyntas*,
Sheading some sweete teares for death of murdered *Amyntas*,
His death, whom when hee lyu'd, herself did cause to be dying;
Saying, O that hee were, that hee were not a murdered *Amyntas*,
O that he liued now, and were my louer *Amyntas*.
But now harck and marck of cares and woe the beginning.

Thyrsis.

Say on then, for I harck and marck perchaunce to a better
End, than thou thyself canst yet conceaue or imagin.

Amyntas.

When that I was but a wagg, yong wagg, soe yong, that I could scarce
Reach mine outstretcht arme to the bending bowes of a plumtree;
T'was my luck (ill luck) t'acquaint myself with a braue gyrl,
Brauest gyrl that spreades her golden locks to the tender
Wynde, faire *Phillis* I meane, but alas what meant I to meane her?
Phillis a flame to the soule, and *Phillis* a flowre to the forrest,
Phillis a Townish gyrls disgrace, and grace to the countrey,
Phillis a fame to the Parck, and *Phillis* a shame to the Pallace,
Phillis that first made *Cydippe* for to be mother,
Phillis that first made that rich *Montanus* a father:
With that *Phillis* I was (most woeful was, when I am not)
With that *Phillis* I lyu'd (ô luckles lyu'd, when I lyue not)
Phillis a turtle-doue, and faithful turtle *Amyntas*:
Both our bowres were nye, which made vs both to be neighbours,
Both our mynds more nye, which caus'd vs both to be fryndly:
Both our ages lyke, which first was cause of a lyking,
Both our lyues more lyke, which stil gaue fyre to a fancie.
If that *Amyntas* were disposed for to be fishing,
Phillis a fishing went: if *Amyntas* meant to be fowling,
Phillis a fowling went: if *Phillis* long'd for a filcherd,
Yonker *Amyntas* clymbde: if *Phillis* would be a hunting,
Whoe but *Amyntas* then, but greene-coate Huntsman *Amyntas*?
Eithers sport was lyke, and eythers portion a quall.
But when *Amyntas* thus bestow'd himself on his angling,

Other

The first part of the

Other bayts and hookes tooke secrete hould of *Amyntas* :
Whilst that *Amyntas* thus layd trapps and snares for a Redbreſt,
White-breſt layd new ſnares and hidden trapps for *Amyntas* :
Whilst that *Amyntas* I ſay ran pricking after a Pricket,
Farre more poiſned darts haue prickt hart-roote of *Amyntas*.
For, by degrees there grew (as an hearb that grows of her owne ſelf)
In my breſt there grew, but I wiſt not whence, a deſiring
Still to be with *Phyllis*, poore foole, and ſtil to be gazing
On thoſe burning lamps, whence ſtil ſtil I ſucked a ſweetnes,
Strange kinde of ſweetnes which ended ſtil with a ſowrenes.
Oftentimes did I ſigh, yet knew no cauſe of a ſighing,
And was a louer afore that I knew what 't was to be louing :
But now *Thyriſis*, I know, and mark, Ile tell thee the manner.

Thyriſis.

Say on *Amyntas* then ; this matter's worthy the marking.

Amyntas.

Once on a day (ô day, ô diſmallſt day of a thouſand)
Once on a ſommers day (ô ſommer worſe than a winter)
Vnder a beech (ô beech of *Amyntas* woe the beginning)
Phyllis ſate her downe, and downe ſate *Cassiopæa*,
And I betweene them both : when a Bee that gathered honny
Here and there fro the flowres, conueys herſelf in a moment
Vnto the red-roſe cheeke of ſmiling *Cassiopæa*,
And there bytes and bytes faire cheeke of *Cassiopæa*,
Thinking ſure, (as I think) her red-roſe cheekes to be roſes.
Bee bytes, byting ſmarts, and ſmarting *Cassiopæa*
Wringeth her hands and cryes : But, peace, qd my bony *Phyllis*,
Cassiopæa, be ſtil, crye not ſweete *Cassiopæa* :
Ile with a word or twoo ſoone cauſe thy paine to be ceaſing,
Ile ſooner charme thy cheeke ; this ſecrete lately I learned
Of beldame *Sagane*, for an yuory combe that I gaue her.
Then ſh' applyes her lipps (life-geeuing lipps to a Louer,
And yet alas, yet alas life-taking lipps from a Louer)
Vnto the ſmarting cheeke of whyning *Cassiopæa*,
And with a ſweete ſweete ſound her ſpells ſhe begins to be mumbling :
By and by (ſtrange thing) her payne was paſt in a moment,
Whether charming woordes did woork ſo mighty a woonder,
Or that *Phyllis* mouth (which rather may be beleeued)
Heales where it tutcheth by ſome great grace of *Apollo*.
Then then, whereas afore I deſired but to be ſeeing

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

Hart-inflaming eyes, I desired but to be hearing
Soul-inuading voyce, sweete voyce, and like to the purling
Streames of a siluer brooke that creepes with a louely resounding
Murmur among small stones, or lyke to the dayntyly warbling
Noyse of a gentle winde, that makes greene leaues to be trembling,
Then then alas did I long and looke and wish to be ioyning
This my mournfull mouth to the mouth of my bony *Phyllis* :
And in fine I deuifd (Loue fynds out wyly deuifes)
How t'obtaine my desire : for I faind, that a wasp fro the bushes
Flew to my face in a rage, and poore lipps all to be stinged ;
And my dolefull lookes did looke and craue to be charmed,
Though my toong was afraid, and made no sute to the charmer.

Then simple *Phyllis*, who tooke my tale for a Gospell,
Came of her owne accord and ioynd her lipps to my fore-lipp,
Sore-sick lip God knowes : But alas, whilst *Phyllis* a fained
Wound with sweete lipps heal'd, her sweete lipps gaue mee a true-wound,
Gaue me a mortall wound that ran fro the lipps to the hyer,
Nay, immortall wound that pierst fro the mouth to the marrow.
No busie Bee can suck more sweete and sugered honny
From sweet-finelling flowrs, than was distild fro the roses
Of chery-lipt *Phyllis* by the boyling breath of *Amyntas* ;
Although bashful feare was somewhat a curb to my kisses,
And restraynd my ioyes : which made me the more to desire that
Poisoned bitter-sweete, and faine yet againe that I smarted,
That with *Phyllis* lipps my lipps might freshly be charmed :
And soe charmed I was, soe sting'd, soe deadly bewitched,
So sore inchaunted with spill-foule spells, that I must needes
Either breake my hart, or breake my loue to my *Phyllis* :
This breaking of loue was a loues-breake ; better it had bene
Harts-breake or necks-breake to the fore hart-wounded *Amyntas*.

Once on a time when Nymphs and Pastors chaunc't to be sporting,
Standing all in a round, and each one whispred a secreat
Into an others eare, poore foole I began to be buzzing,
Phyllis, I burne with loue, ô take compassion on mee,
Help or I dy *Phyllis* : But *Phyllis* straight with a lowring
Looke and frowning face, and downe-cast eyes to the ground-ward,
Blusht for spite and shame, and gaue not a woord for an aunswer,
But coueyd her away, and flew fro the place in a furie.
From that time, no time would *Phyllis* abide with *Amyntas*,
Lend no eyes to the teares, no cares to the playnts of *Amyntas*.

The first part of the

And now flaxen wheate his ripened stalk to the syckle
Hath threetimes yeilded, now cheareful spring, to the forrest
Flowring bowes hath brought threetimes, and flower's to the meddow,
And each thing but death long since was try'd by *Amyntas*
For t'appease *Phillis*; my death now only remaineth
For t'appease *Phillis*: which death should soone be procured,
So that I were once sure that I should by my deadly departure
Wring any teares from her eyes, or bring any ioy to her hard hart,
Make her weepe or laugh; and wheather should I be wishing?
Indeede *Phillis* teares and mynde with mercy relenting
Were far better amends for death of muredred *Amyntas*,
And more friendly reward for luckles loue of *Amyntas*,
But that I may not wish sweete *Phillis* minde to be greeued,
Nor *Phillis* faire face and eyes with teares to be blubbred.

Thyrsis.

And what man, madman, can thinke it possible, if that
Once shee doe heare these plaints, but that shee'le yeeld to be louing?

Amyntas.

O good *Thyrsis*, I doubt, for I neuer gin to be speaking,
But shee recoyls fro my words, as subtile snake fro the charmer.

Thyrsis.

Doubt not, I hope ere long, Ile cause her friendly to heare thee.

Amyntas.

If thou get that I speake, then nought shal I get by my speaking.
Mopsus alas *Mopsus* foretould me my destiny long-since,
Soothsayer *Mopsus* that knows what mysterie secrete
And hidden vertues in stones and hearbs be abyding,
And by the flight and chirpe of byrds can tell many wonders.

Thyrsis.

What? that coosnyng squire, that brokes and sells to the ould wyues
Pelting pills in a box, and so scrapes coyne fro the countrey?
Hope yet *Amyntas* a while; for I know ther's matter of hoping:
Only because *Mopsus* say's there's no matter of hoping:
Hope, and meete mee againe in this same place: for I doubt not
But that in one halfe howre, Ile bring good newes to *Amyntas*.

Chorus.

O Sweete age of gold, not sweet, for that by the pastures
Euery brooke and bush with mylk and honny abounded;

Nor

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

Nor that fertile ground vntild, vntatcht was afording
Fresh increase of fruite to the pooremans dayly reioicing;
Nor that stingles snakes and harnieles slippery serpents
Slyded abroad by the fields and neuer breath'd any poyson;
Nor that clowdes skies seem'd euermore to be smyling,
And æternall Spring her spring-time dayly renuing;
Nor that noe pyne-trees as yet cut downe fro the mountaines
Ranged abroad by the rocks with salt waues all to bedashed:

But sweete age of gold, for that this name of a noething,
Idle name of nought, and dayly deceauable Idoll,
Which fooles afterward, fine-fooles haue made to be *Honnor*,
Was nor nam'd, nor knowne, nor brought new lawes to the countrey
And poore countrey men, whose liues were onely directed
By sweete Natures law, sweete Nature taught them a lesson,
If ye will, you may: and strait-lac't rules did abandon.

Then by the greene-mantled pastures and watery fountaines
Lou's yong wanton wagg was always woont to be singing,
And had noe light lampes, and had no dangerous arrowes.
Then braue iolly Shepheards and Nymphs sate sweetly together,
Tempring woords with smiles, and euery smile with a kissing.
Nymphs were not so nyce, but that they yeelded a full view
Of their bared breasts to the searhing eyes of a louer.
Gyrles were not soe coy, but that they would with a yonker
Friendly together wash, and bathe themselves in a riuer.

Honnor first cou' red wel-spring of louchy *Cupido*,
Honour pluckt water from scorched mouth of a Louer,
Honour taught fayre eyes theyr glittering beames to be hyding,
And to the darckned soule theyr light vnkindly denying.
Honour caught in netts those golden locks, that in ould tyme
Were leaft loose to the wynde disperfed along by the shoulders.
Honour mar'd our myrth, and louelayers turn'd to a silence,
And all our pastymes to a sollempne grauitie changed.
Honour taught vs first our mouthes by art to be moouing,
Lookes by a looking glasse, and gate with skill to be framing.
Honour cal'd it a theft, which first was counted a free giuft,
Honour made it a cryme, which first was thought but a pastyme.

But thou supream Lord of Loue, thou onely Monarch;
Which rul'st mighty Monarchs, what doost thou here in a corner,
For soe great a Godhead o'too too simple a corner?
Goe to a prowd Diademe, to a golden crowne, to a scepter,

The first part of the

Breake those great mens sleepe; so shall thy fame bee the greater:
Disgrace not thy-self with poore contemptible abiects,
But let Countrey-fooles liue as they vse to be lyuing,
Let them liue in loue, whilst they haue tyme to be louing.
Sun setts, and riseth; goes downe, and quickly reuiueth,
But mans light once out, aternall darknes abydeeth:
Then let Countrey-fooles liue as they vse to be lyuing,
Let them lyue in loue, whilst they haue time to be louing.

The second Act, and first Scene.

The Satyre, alone.

THIS same foolish Bee's but a Bee, and Bee's but a small thing,
Yet this buzzing Bee with a small mouth maketh a great wound:
But what's lesse than Loue, that lurketh in euery corner,
Euery final smal nooke; and hides himself as a false-thiefe
Sometimes vnder an hayre, and sometymes vnder an ey-lidd?
Yet this least least Loue, when he finiteth, maketh a great-wound,
Great great mortall wound, great cureles wound in a louer.
My flesh's nought but a mark all ouerpricke with her arrowes,
My body naught but a wound, my bowells naught but a bleeding.

O Loue, nay not Loue, that loue vniotely requiterh,
Loue was as ill cal'd Loue, as this prowd paltery *Phyllis*
Was well cal'd *Phyllis*; (disdainfull *Phyllis* an ill is,
Ill to her owne-self first, and always ill to an other)
As this Mountaine-byrd; *Montanus* daughter I should say,
Was well cal'd *Phyllis*; since hill-borne *Phyllis* a hillis:
Wylde waste hills and woods and mountaines serue for a harbor
Vnto the rau'nous brood of wolues, beares, slippery serpents;
And hillish *Phyllis* makes her faire brest, as a lodging
For fowle pride, fell spite, and most unplaceable anger,
Woorse beasts, far more worse, than wolues, beares, slippery serpents,
These with a pray are pleas'd, but shee's not mou'd with a prayer.

If that I fetch her flowrs, fresh fragrant flowrs fro the Forrest,
My fresh fragrant flowrs, o spite, with a scorne shee reiecteth,
For cause her faire cheekes with fairer flowrs be adorned.
If that I bring in a dish queene-apples vnto my deare Queene,
Dish and queene-apples, o grieve, with a mock shee renounceth,
For cause her besome with fruite far swetter aboundeth.

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

If that I range by the woods and fyelds, and gather her honny,
Honny and honnyes combe, ô death, with a flout shee refuseth,
For cause her sweete mouth more sugered honny afordeth,

O then *Phyllis*, alas, if my poore state can aford thee
Naught, but what thy self mayst haue more louely within thee,
Take myself for a guyft, ile geue myself to my *Phyllis*,
And why should *Phyllis* disdain this guift that I giue her?
My face is not fowle, my lookes are not to be loathed,
Yesterday I beheld myself when I walkt by the seashore,
When seaes were calmed, when windes theyr rage had omittet.
My sanguyne count'nance with moisture lyuely replenisht,
Bristled brest, braund armes, and shoulders stoordly squared
Are all signes of strength, and marks of manlynes only,
And if *Phyllis* doubt, let *Phyllis* try what is in mee.
What should *Phyllis* doo with a curld-pate paltery cockney?
What with a sinooth-fac't foole, with a carpet squyre, with a mylk-sop?
What with a pyping goose, with a whistling boy, with a mynstrell?
Gyrles indeede, and gyrles in shew, effoeminat each way?
If perchaunce *Phyllis*, (this chaunce may easyly happen)
Should encounter a Woofe, or a fell shee Beare, or a wilde Boare,
Then farewell *Mynnyons*, then bristled brests be the best men.

O but alas, *Phyllis* dooth know right well, that I want not
Mans face or mans hart; but gold and syluer I haue not,
Gold and syluer I want, and this makes *Phyllis* abhor mee
Countrey learnes of towne to be bought, and euery *Malkin*
Lookes for a purse of sylk, or a ring, no lesse than a Lady.
Here is an age of gold indeede, gold only triumpheth,
Gold rul's and oerul's from a mylkmayd vnto an Empreffe.

Thou, thou wicked wight that first taughtst mayds to be Marchants,
And mad'st gyrles sell loue; ô let thy graue be a dungeon
For foule sprytes and snakes; ô let thy damnable ashes
Feele both wynde and rayne, and bones ly all to be scattred
Here and there by the fyelds, bones bruyed of euery footeman,
Troaden of euery beast, accursed of all the beholders,
This wretch, noble loue did abase, when he made it a hireling,
Made it a slaue of gold, and made it a monsterus Hydra,
Monster of all monsters that land or water afordeth.

But what means I to curse in vayne? since euery creature
Vseth such weapons, as nature gaue, to defend him?
Clawes to the greedy Lyons, and foaming tuske to the wilde Boare,

The first part of the

Winged' eggs to a hart, and pleasing face to a woeman,
Why doe I not then deale according vnto my nature?
Why doe I not shew force, since nature fram'es me to forcing?
Ile take by violence and rape those ioyes fro the proud gyrl
Which are due to my loue, and *Phyllis* stoutly denyeth.
When shee begins herself in woonted well to be washing,
(*Silen* shewd me the well, fayre well, well worthy a fayre lasse)
Ile rush out from a bush (where first ile lye as in ambush)
And take her napping, when I see occasion offred.
If that I once can rowle my hand in her hayre, let her hardlv
Scratch and byte and whine, shee'le neuer scape fro my clutches,
Till, for a woorthy reueng, her blood, my blade be a bathing.

The second Scene.

Daphne. Thyrsis.

Thyrsis, I know too well, that tender-maynded *Amyntas*
Hath long lou'd this gyrl; and long may loue her, I feare mee.
And, as I tould thee before, my helping hand did I alwayes,
And will now much more for thy sake, lend to *Amyntas*.
But more soone may one make gentle a Beare or a Tyger,
And tame yong wylde Bulls, then learne yong gyrls any reason,
Gyrls as fonde as fayre: whose rude symplycity knows not,
How theyr eye-arrows can pierce mens harts in a moment.

Thyrsis.

Symple? I neuer yet could see soe symple a woeman,
But was most expert, though but new crept fro the cradle,
In these cosning tricks; and knew her face to be framyng,
Now with a smyle t'allure, and now to repell with a frownyng.

Daphne.

What skilfull My stres taught them this my stery, *Thyrsis*?

Thyrsis.

As though thou knewst not: that My stres, which did in ould tyme
Take yong byrds fro the neast, and taught them for to be flyng,
Bull to rebut with a horne, and skaled fiff to be swymming,
And proudhart Peacock her paynted trayne to be spreading.

Daphne.

Whats her name? *Thy. Daphne. Dap.* Fy, that's impossible. *Thy.* And why?
Is not dame *Daphne* trow you, to be deemed a My stres
Sufficient t'enstruct ten thousand such bony lasses?

Though

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

Though in truth they want noe skill, nor neede any my stes,
Coy by kinde, and proud by byrth, and surly by nature.
Yet nource and mother contend this folly to further,
And soe make in tyme yong cockrell lyke to the ould crowe.

Daphne.

Well crow'd, gentle Cock: your song may chaunce be requyted:
But to the matter in hand, in truth, in truth I remember
One odd toy, *Thyrsis*, that makes mee scarcely resolued,
Wheather *Phyllis* sayne and make but a shew of a sympleffe,
Or for a truth doth meane as in outward shewe shee pretendeth.
For, last day when I went to the greene fyeld neare to the cytty,
Phyllis sate her downe by the brooke that runs by the greene fyeld,
And soe her count'nance composd, as though she requyred
Counsaile from that brooke, and would, b'aduised by the water,
How to be disposing, and how to be dayntyly ordning
Goldwyr'de hayre on her head, and how with skill to be setting
Calf on gold wyr'de hayre, and how at last to be sticking
Flowres in a golden call, (her lap with flowrs was abounding)
And now takes vp a Rose, and straight way takes vp a Lilly:
And compares her cheekes to the Rose, and neck to the Lilly:
And then synyles for ioy, seeing her louly triumphant
Cheekes more red than a Rose, and neck more white than a Lilly,
And disdains poore flowrs, and thus seemes them to be scornynge,
Foolish paltery hearbs, your pyde coat's nought to my countnance,
Your flowr's nought to my face, your brauery nought to my beauty.
Foolish paltery weedes, I doo beare you often about mee,
For your owne disgrace, and not for a gracet to my person,
That your fading flowrs may serue as a foyle for a *Phyllis*.

As she was all this while pruning herself by the water,
Princking and prancking, at last by chaunce she reflected
Her bright beames syde ward, and then saw well, that I saw her,
And was asham'd and blusht, and let fayre Lilly be falling.
More that *Daphne* laught, more *Phyllis* still was a blushing,
More that *Phyllis* blusht, more *Daphne* still was a laughing.
But yet, her hayre half trest, half vntrest well she remembred,
And with a stealing eye to the waterglass she repayed,
Spying whether I spyde; and see's herself to be vndrest,
And yet lyketh herself, seeing herself to be seemely
Though vndrest, for I saw, yet would not seeme to bee seeing.

Thyrsis.

The first part of the

Thyrsis.

Peace, peace, good *Daphne* : this noe newes, come to *Amyntas*.

Daphne.

Noe newes ? yes mary ist: for noe such matter in ould tyme
Euer afore was seene : When *Daphne* was but a *Damsell*
Daphne was not soe : but world now waxeth an ould world,
Growes to be wayward now, and pecuish like to an ould man.

Thyrsis.

In those dayes, Townebyrds flewe not soe fast to the countrey,
Nor countrey lasses did gad soemuch to the Cytty.
Now all's confounded, now fashyons all to be mingled
All to be mangled quyte, and cuery *Madg* is a *Mystresse*,
All's turn'd vpsyde downe. But may not, may not *Amyntas*,
And bonylasse *Phillis* yet talk once fryendly togeather
By *Daphnes* good meanes, and condisend to a parley?

Daphne.

Thyrsis, I am not sure; shee's too too flatly denying.

Thyrsis.

And hee, alas, poorefoole, is too too fondly desyring.

Daphne.

Then let him aske, intreate, importune, nay let him offer,
Yea offer violence, and take noe nay; for a woeman
Loues to be woo'd of a man : thou know'st well, *Thyrsis*, a woeman
Runs, and yet soe runs, as though she desyr'd to be orerun;
Says, noe, noe; yet soe, as noe, noe, seemes to be no noe;
Stryues, and yet soe stryues as though she desyr'd to be vanquisht,
Woeman's like to a shade, that flyes, yet lyes by the subiect,
Lyke to a Bee, that neuer struiues, yf sting be remoued.
Thou se'st, *Thyrsis*, I talk as a playne wench vnto a playne fryend.

Thyrsis.

Then good playne *Daphne*, its more then tyme to be playne now,
Help me to help our fryend poore helples fryendles *Amyntas*.

Daphne.

Well to be playne indeede, and end this matter in one woord,
Phillis goes with mee now by and by to the braue well,
Mighty *Dianae*s well, where large arm'd ash to the hunting
Nymphs giu's cooling shade; there *Phillis* shalbe presented
Naked, starcknaked to the open view of *Amyntas*.

Thyrsis.

And what then? *Daph.* What then? then I thinck thusmuch to a wiseman
Will

Countesse of Pembrokes Twychurch.

Will seeme sufficient, and is too much for a sonkyn.

Thyrsis.

Now I doe know thy mynde: but I doubt least fearful *Amyntas*
Haue not so much hart, as boldly to offer an onset.

Daphne.

Then let *Amyntas* stay, til an other seeke to preuent hym.

Thyrsis.

If that hee were soe serud, he deserud wel soe to be serud.

Daphne.

But to thyself *Thyrsis*, wilt styl be a boy or a batchler?
Wer't not farr better to be husband or to be louers?

Thyrsis.

When that *Thyrsis* see's, that lou's not a plague to a loue,
Then shall *Daphne* see, that *Thyrsis* wil be a loue.

But whilst hateful loue with teares and feares is aboundyng,
Loue whoe will for mee: let an other learne to be mournyng,
Thyrsis enough hath mournd. *Daph.* But he hath not ioyed enough yet.

Thyrsis.

Noe such ioyes I desyre. *Daph.* But loue can force the resister.

Thyrsis.

Noe force; ile keepe back. *Daph.* And then loue hasteneth onward.

Thyrsis.

Ile run. *Daph.* Loue hath wings. *Thyrs.* But short wings in the begynnyng.

Daphne.

Louers feele not loue, when loue is first a begynnyng,
And when lou's once felt, its too late then to be runnyng.

Thyrsis.

But let my loue rest, til againe wee chaunce to bee meeting,
And let *Amyntas* now, for he most needs, first be releued.
Ile seeke hym straight way and bring, if I can, the retyring
Beare to the stake. *Daph.* Ile goe, but this was far fro my meanyng.

Thyrsis.

And, if I gesse not amysse, loe yonder he coms, with a downecast
Looke, and wandring pace, pace and looke fit for *Amyntas*.

The third Scene.

Amyntas, Thyrsis.

Thyrsis gaue good words: Ile see what's doone for *Amyntas*;
And, if noe thing's done, then afore that I seeme to be vndone,

D

Myself

The first part of the

Myself-murdring hand shall reauethis breath from *Amyntas*
Eu'n in *Phillis* sight, that lyke as now she delyteth
Herself with this wound, loues wound, that cleaues to my hart roote,
Wound of her owne fayre eyes: foe may she be freshly triumphing
At this gaping wound with purpled gore that aboundeth
Wound of myne owne hands, last wound of murdered *Amyntas*.

Thyrsis.

Leaue of thy mourning: *Thyrsis* brings news to *Amyntas*.

Amyntas.

What news? life, or death? *Thyr.* Life, loue, blisse, ioy to *Amyntas*,
Yf that *Amyntas* dare ioy, blisse, loue, life be a meeting.
But then he must be a man, not a moine, manfully resolu'd,
And not shrynck with a showre, as a feynhart foole or a dastard.

Amyntas.

And what greate cowrage, or what resolution is this?

Thyrsis.

If that thy *Phillis* should wander alone in a desert,
Desert walled about with rocks of monstrous hugenes,
Where sharpe-tusked Boares, and Tygers only resorted,
Wouldst thou goe to thy loue by this loe feareful a passage?

Amyntas.

Yea, with a better will, than gyrls or boyes to the stooleball.

Thyrsis.

If thy *Phillis* were with a theeuish company compast,
And saw nought but sweards and glistering armor about her,
Wouldst thou goe to thy loue through this same company rhecuish?

Amyntas.

Yea, with a greater ioy, than this fling Hart to the fontayne,

Thyrsis.

Yet for such exployt, more courage wilbe required.

Amyntas.

Ile with a good will goe through scorching flames of a fornace,
Ile through swelling streames increast with snow fro the mountaynes,
Ile through damnable hell, through loathsome *Syx*, to my *Phillis*,
Yf that can be a hell where heu'ns-joy *Phillis* abydeth:

But say, shew mee all. *Thyr.* Hark then. *Amynt.* Tell speedily, *Thyrsis.*

Thyrsis.

Thy loue sits by a well, sits naked, alone, by a well-spring.
Phillis sits by a well, and stays for gentle *Amyntas*,
Dar'st thou goe to thy loue, and wilt thou goe to thy *Phillis*?

Amyntas.

Countesse of Pembrokes Tuyschurch.

Amyntas.

What? doth my deare life, doth my loue sit by a wellspring?
What? doth *Phyllis* alone and naked stay for *Amyntas*?

Thyrsis.

None els but *Daphne*; and *Daphne* woorks for *Amyntas*,
Otherwise she alone, and naked stayes for *Amyntas*,
Naked, but *Amynt*. But where this vile, But, murdereth *Amyntas*.

Thyrsis.

But *Phyllis* knows not that *Amyntas* comes to the wellspring.

Amyntas.

O wellspring of woe; this cold conclusion endeth
All my hope conceau'd, and draws confusion onward;
O pytyles *Thyrsis*, was fowl, tormented *Amyntas*
Not yet plagu'd enough, but thou must heape on a new plague?

Thyrsis.

If thou meane to be ru'd, thou mayst be a happy *Amyntas*.

Amyntas.

How ru'd? *Thyr*. Take that good, which opportunity offred.

Amyntas.

God forbid, that I take such opportunity offred
As t'attempt any thing displeasing vnto my *Phyllis*.
Yet did I neuer thing offenseue vnto my *Phyllis*,
But that I lou'd her alas, yet alas she'enforc' t mee to loue her,
That fault's hers, not myne, and beauty to blame, not *Amyntas*.

Thyrsis.

If thou couldst leaue loue, wouldst thou leaue of to be louing,
That by not louing, thou mightst please thy bony *Phyllis*?

Amyntas.

That, wil I neuer say *Thyrsis*, nor neuer imagin,
Loue wil not consent, that I euer leaue to be louing.

Thyrsis.

Thou wilt loue her then, though in despyte of her owne hart.

Amyntas.

In despire? O noe, yet needs needs must I be louing.

Thyrsis.

What then? against her will. *Amynt*. Loue wills soe, if shee be wilfull.

Thyrsis.

Take then against her will that, which though in the begynnyng
Seemes to be painful a while, yet prooues to be ioyful in ending.

The first part of the

Amyntas.

Thy long experience, *o Thyrsis*, makes the be talking,
Maks the be discourting of loue: but freshman *Amyntas*
Is posselt with loue, and loue must frame him an aunswer,
Loue, that cloggs hartty'd and tongry'd louer *Amyntas.*

Thyrsis.

(long home.

Why then, wilt not goe? *Amy.* Yes. *Thyr.* Whether? *Amy.* Straight to my
If noe help, but this, can bring any ioy to *Amyntas.*

Thyrsis.

And is this nothing? would *Daphne* send for *Amyntas*,
Vnles that *Phillis* seem'd in some part to be willing?
And perchaunce *Phillis* doth know herself, that *Amyntas*
Coms to the well indeede, but will not seeme to be knowing?
Now if thou wouldst haue her full consent to be vttered,
And mynde exprested, which euery woman abhorreth,
Where is then thy desyre, thy *Phillis* still to be pleasing?
And if *Phillis* wil, that *Amyntas* ioy, be *Amyntas*
The it, not *Phillis* guytte; what further seeketh *Amyntas*?

Amyntas.

O but alas whoc knows, that *Phillis* lyketh *Amyntas*?

Thyrsis.

And whoc knows for truth, that *Phillis* lyks not *Amyntas*?
And in an equall doubt, that part is best to be taken,
Which to the parties minde is most conformable alwayes;
Therefore come. *Amy.* Stay yet. *Thyr.* For what? tyme passeth *Amyntas.*

Amyntas.

O stay good *Thyrsis*, let's here consult for a whyle yet.

Thyrsis.

Wee'll consult by the way of things that seeme to be needefull.
Who soe thincks many things, brings few to a fortunat ending.

Chorus.

O Heart-ennobling great loue, where shall wee bee learning
These thy sacred lawes? in what schoole must wee be trayned
Vp to thy high conceits? or what soe skillful a mayster
Possibly may vnfold those supream thoughts of a louer
Which his soule possesse, whilst with thy wings in a moment
His mynde mounts to the skies, and Christall-mantled *Olympus*?
Neyther learned *Athens*, nor greate fame-worthy *Lycaon*.
Could loues force expresse, or loues perfection vtter;

Neyther

Countesse of Pembrokes Truychurch.

Neither *Castalian* Muses, nor great-God *Apello*,
Nor rymewright fingers could once aspyre to the thousandst
Part of those ioyes, which in a louers brest be abounding:
Their voyce is not a voyce of fire, they sing but a cold song,
Song and voyce vnfit for loues vnspcakable ardor:

Soe then Loues owne voyce is a fittest voyce for a loues-lay,
So then Loue himself is best exprest by his owne self.
Loue learns rurall witts, and base-borne breasts to be reading
Hart-burning secreats and woonders, dayntily written
In faire-flaming eyes, by the hand of louely *Cupido*.

Loue (ô strange eloquence of Loue) with a sigh, with an half-speech,
Interrupted speech, confused speech of a Louer,
Sooner a Tygers heart to a true compassion yrgeth,
Better a secret smart and inward passion vttereth,
Than trope-turned tale, or ryming ditty, deryued
From foole-hardy Poets, or vaine-head Rhetoricasters.

Nay, those silent looks, and louely regards of a Louer
More, than a thousand words, expresse those pangs of a Louer.
Let those famous Clercks with an endles toyle be perusing
Socraticall writings; twoo faire eyes teach mee my lesson:
And what I read in those, I doe write in a barck of a beech-tree,
Beech-tree better booke, than a thousand *Dainty deuises*.

The third Act, and first Scene.

Thyrsis, Chorus.

O Extreame disdaigne, ô most vnmerciful hard-hart,
O vnthankfull gyrl, ô proude, and no-pity-taking
Woemen, curst by kynde, vnkynd kinde, kyn to a Tyger,
Kyn to a poysoned snake. O dame, nay rather a stepdame,
Bunglyng artificer Nature, which framed a woemans
Externall countnance, and outward parts to be chearfull,
But th'internall soule, and inward part to be spytefull.
O perchaunce, poore wretch, himself hath mured his own self.
Euery place doe I seeke and search out euery corner,
Euery bush, each caue, each banck, and euery fountaine
All these three howres long, by the well where lately I left him;
Yet noe sight can I get, noe hearing, no not a footestepp
Wherein he troade of late, not a footestepp, yet can I light on:

The first part of the

Sure hee's kild, hee's dead, himself hath murdered his owne self.

Ile ask these Pastors, if they can shew any tydings:

Good friends, haue you scene, doe yee know any newes of *Amyntas*?

Chorus.

Some bad misfortune thy minde seemes greatly to trouble:

What mean's this sweating and blowing? Fearst any mischief?

Thyrsis.

Mischief I feare indeede of *Amyntas*: shew mee *Amyntas*.

Chorus.

No-body here sawe hym, since you twoo lately departed.

But what mischief fearst? *Thyrs.* That *Amyntas* murder *Amyntas*.

Chorus.

Murder *Amyntas*. Why? What works so desperat outrage?

Thyrsis.

Hate and Loue. *Chor.* Twoo foes, th'one th'other deadly maligning,
Either sufficient, but both more mighty to murder:

Yet make this more playne. *Thyrs.* To be tootoo hartily louing,
And of a loued Lasse to be tootoo spytefully hated.

Chorus.

But shew all at large: this place is an ord'nary through-fare:

Here some man may passe that may bring newes of *Amyntas*,

And some wynde himself may hither chaunce to be druing.

Thyrsis.

Ile shewe all indeede, for I should vniustly be dealing,

If that I blaze not abroad so shameful a fact to the whole world.

Wretched *Amyntas* knew, and knew by my only relating,

(Now I repent tootoo late, that I was soe fonde a relator)

That *Daphn'* and *Phillis* would wash themselves in a well-spring:

Thither *Amyntas* went, but went very faintly thither,

All vnwilling went, and backwards off he retyred,

But that I stil stil droue him most vnluckily forward.

Forward thus wee went, and now came nere to *Dianaes*

Well, when alas wee heard some dolefull sound of a damsell,

That stil cryed, Alas; and saw how woefully *Daphne*

Wringed her hands and wept, and seeing vs to be comming,

Lifted her hands and voyce; O run run quickly to *Phillis*,

Phillis alas is forst; ô run run quickly to *Phillis*.

Louer *Amyntas* leapt, as a Rowe-buck prickt with an arrow,

At these woords, and flew, and quickly I hastened after:

When wee came, wee saw faire *Phillis* bound to a willow,

Naked,

Countesse of Pembrokes Tynchurch.

Naked, stark-naked, bound head hand foote to a willow.
Her locks seru'd for a cord, her gold-locks lapt in a thousand
Knotts, (noe true-loues knotts) were all ty'd fast to the willow:
Her braue Belt, which first that pure virginity guarded,
Bound both hands to to the trunk, and this fowle villany furthred:
And wynding willow, vnwilling foe to be winding,
(And yet glad those leggs with tender twiggs to be tutching)
Lends her slipps to be strings (each thing can further a mischief)
Strings those trembling leggs (o' rufull case) to be bynding.
And that beastly Saryre, which causd this monsteraus outrage,
Stood with lusting rage, and raging fury before her,
And now, eu'n iust now had left of fully to bynde her.
Phillis stroue asmuch as *Phillis* might be a striuing,
But for a naked gyrl with an armed foe to be striuing,
Booteles it had bene sure, if tharpned dart of *Amyntas*
Gainst that fleshly Saryre had not been tymely directed:
And I myself meane while my lapp with stones was a filling,
Which made lusting beast at last for feare to be flying.

When this flight gaue leaue to the louing eyes of *Amyntas*
For to behold his ioy, those lymms so dayntily trembling,
Trembling yet for feare; at last, at last he aproached
Vnto the naked Nymph, and yet yet somewhat abashed:
Pardon, faire *Phillis*, qd *Amyntas*, pardon I pray thee
This my toobold hand, which tootoo rashly presumeth,
And to thy spotles lymms, lymms neuer tuteht yet, aprocheth,
Sith soe extreame neede, soe greate a necessity forceth
Forceth *Amyntas* his hands faire *Phillis* her hands to be loosng:
Let not then this grace which fortune seemes to aford them,
Seeme any fowle disgrace, or woork any wooe to my *Phillis*.

Chorus.

Woords well woorthy to make any hart of flynt to be tender:
But what said *Phillis*? *Thyr*. Not a woord; but scornfully blushing
Looks downe, hyding all that bands would haue to be hidden.
Gentle *Amyntas* coms, and golden lockes he releaseth,
And as he vnknits knotts, thus golden-locks he beespeaketh,
Golden locks too good this senceles tree to be chayning,
What shal Louers haue, wherein they may be triumphing,
If loues-lace can abide to be stretcht from a Nymph to a willow?
Paltery willow breakes with rude and boysterus handling,
Golden chaine, which gaue such grace to the paltery willow.

Then

The first part of the

Then those hard-held hands in such odd manner hee loosed,
As that hee wisht and feard hart-holding hands to be handling.
Lastly, to free her feete, himself he begins to be kneeling:
But when *Phillis* her hands from bands felt fully released,
His louing seruice with these proud words she refused,
Tutch me not, hence Pastor, mine owne hands shall be my owne leggs
Freedom,utch not a Nymph, that's consecrat vnto *Diana*.

Chorus.

O graceles guerdon for seruice dutiful offred,
How can a Nymphs sweete brest harbor so fylthy a monster?

Thyrsis.

Gentle *Amyntas* straight with these woords myldely retyred,
And withdrew himself, not daring once to be lising
Vp those loue-sick eyes, himself vnkindly denying
Ioyes to his owne poore self, that he might ease his bony *Phillis*
Of that paine, small paine, of geuing him the deniall.

All this I heard and saw, whilst vnder an oake I did hide mee,
All this I heard and saw, and once I began to be speaking
For very grief; yet I stayd: But marck yet, marck yet a woonder,
After long toying her feete at last she released,
And scarce, scarce her feete from bands at last she released,
But those winged feete she bestyrs as fast as a yong Hynde,
And to *Amyntas* giues noe not soemuch as a farewell:
Yet noe cause of flight, for *Amyntas* made not an offer.

Chorus.

What did he then poore man, when *Phillis* leaft him alone thus?

Thyrsis.

That can I noeway gesse; for I was soe mad to behold this
Scornefull pride, that I ran t'haue brought her back to *Amyntas*,
Ran with might and mayne, in vayne: for I feard her away still;
And when I came backward to the well, then I missed *Amyntas*.
Surely I feare hee's dead, for I know that he fully resolved
Ere that he came to the well, himself t'haue speedily mured.

Chorus.

That's but an ord'nary thing, for a louer death to be threatning,
But not an ord'nary thing any man for loue to be dying.

Thyrsis.

God graunt it proue soe in *Amyntas*. *Chor.* Doubt not. *Thyrs.* I feare it.
Yet to the Caue Ile goe, where sage *Elpinus* abydeth:
There, if hee liue, its like, that *Amyntas* wilbe recounting

His

Countesse of Pembroke's Church.

His forepassed paines to the rocks and watery fountaines,
And with pleasant pipe, with voyce so sweetly resounding
Make those rocks to resound, and wring out teares fro the fountaines.

The second Scene.

Amyntas, Daphne, Fulvia.

THy pity was pityles, *Daphne*, my dart to be plucking
From this dolefull brest, my paines and pangs be redoubled
By differring death: what meanst thou thus to be turning,
Turning and wynding my troubled minde with a thousand
Fruytles discourses? thou thinkest perchaunce that *Amyntas*
Will dispatch himself: if he doe, that's best for *Amyntas*.

Daphne.

Fy for shame: leaue of these wicked words; for I know, that
Bashfulnes, not pryde, made *Phillis* run from *Amyntas*.

Amyntas.

O wretch; sole despaire, that dryues all hope from *Amyntas*,
Is my sole comfort: fonde hope first wounded *Amyntas*;
And fonde hope, eu'n now (ô endles grief) is a budding
In my balefull brest, and only because that I liue yet,
Which is of all others the deuouringst woorme to the wretched.

Daphne.

Lyue yet wretched a while, and keep thyself for a comfort;
Thinck thou see'st *Phillis* sitt naked still by the welspring.

Amyntas.

Had not fell fortune and lewd loue plagued *Amyntas*
With paines sufficient, but wel-springs must be presented
Vnto my eyes: and then to my scortched tong be denyed?

Fulvia.

What? shal I then be the Crow, whose neuer-lucky resounding
Still brings baleful newes? shal I first bring death to the aged
Father *Montanus*, whose gray-haires now be depriued
Of their chiefe comfort, fayre *Phillis*, braue bony *Phillis*?
Ould Father, chyldles Father, nay, now not a Father.

Daphne.

Some sad voyce I doe heare. *Amynt.* I doe heare most dolefully sounded
Phillis dearest name, which eares and hart is awounding:
Whoe's that which name's her? *Daph.* Fayre *Fulvia*, *Fulvia* dearest
Nymph to the high Huntresse of Forrests mighty *Diana*.

The first parte of the

Fulvia.

Know it he must, and shall, that he may with speede be procuring,
That those louely reliques of *Phillis* may be preserved;
If those louely reliques of *Phillis* yet be remaining,
Luckles *Phillis*. *Amynt*. Alas, what? yet more plagues for *Amyntas*?

Fulvia.

O *Daphne*. *Daph*. What's that? Say on, sweete *Fulvia*, what's that
Which thou spakst to thyself? What made faire *Fulvia* stil stil
After *Phillis* name our eares with sighs to be filling?

Fulvia.

How can I choose but sigh, soe ruful a sight to remember?

Amyntas.

O that rueful sight makes my colde hart to be ruefull:
Is my *Phillis* aliue? *Daph*. Good *Fulvia* kil not *Amyntas*
With soe long suspence, let's know what may be the matter.

Fulvia.

O God, why shal I tel such dead news? and yet I must tell.

Phillis came naked to my house, and told me the cause of
Her coming naked: new drest, she desyr'd mee of all lones
Louing gyrls, that I would accompany her to the pleasaunt
Tynchurch parck, and frame myself to the hunting,
Both content, both went, and met with a company gallant
Of flowring damselfs wayting on *Pembrokiana*,
With bowes and arrows on princelike *Pembrokiana*.
Much tyme with pastimes was past, sports drew to an ending,
And on a soddayne loe, where earst no wolf was abyding,
Rau'ning wolf runs forth with blood-red mouth fro the bushes,
And on a soddayne loe, whilst others bows be a bending,
Phillis sent her shaft from her owne eare vnto the wolbes eare:
Soemuch wrought in her hart sweete fight of *Pembrokiana*,
Soemuch did she desyre to be prayd of *Pembrokiana*.
Wounded wolf to the wood, stout *Phillis* runs to the wounded
Wolf with a dart in her hand. *Amynt*. O dreadful dart to *Amyntas*,
How can a pleasant ende come from soe deadly begynning?

Fulvia.

And with an other dart to the self same place I repayred;
But Wolf and *Phillis* (grief spurd th'one, glory the other)
Were quyte out of sight: yet I trac't them both to the thickest
And most desert place: there, (O deare dart to my *Phillis*)
There lay *Phillis* dart, and not far thence was a white layne

Wherein

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

Wherein *Phillis* locks enwrapped were by my owne hands.
And as I turned about, seu'n other woolus by the naked
Bones of a mangled corse, gore blood were greedily licking:
And as chaunst (would God such chaunce had *Phillis*) I saw them,
Yet they saw not mee, they were soe greedily gorging,
And soe bent to the pray: So thence for feare I retyred:
And this is all that I know: and here's that lawne, that I spake of.

Amyntas.

And is this not enough? ô lawne of my bony *Phillis*:
O bony *Phillis* blood, th'art dead my sweete bony *Phillis*.

Daphne.

O dooble deaths wound: dead *Phillis* murthereth *Amyntas*.

Fulvia.

Tis but a swowne; for he breath's; and loe, hee's quickly reuyued.

Amyntas.

Griefe, leaue of lingring; make quick dispatch of *Amyntas*:
Griefe, th'art too too slowe; if death be referu'd for *Amyntas*
Hand, hee'le take it in hand. For alas, if nought be a wanting
Vnto the highest poynt of griefe, if nought's to be added
Vnto *Amyntas* woe, for what then stayeth *Amyntas*?

O *Daphne*, *Daphne*, was *Amyntas* lately repelled
From death, sweete deaths dore by *Daphnes* meanes? Was *Amyntas*
Kept saulf for these ioyes? O, then, then I might in a good time
Haue dischargd myself of a huge and horrible *Aetna*:
But *Daphne* would not, but cursed Desteny would not,
Least that I might by death those plagues haue tymeely preuented,
Which accursed Fates for *Amyntas* lately prepared.
But now, since my woes at last are come to a full growth,
Desteny and *Daphne* may well, well let mee be dying.

Daphne.

Yet differ thy death eil certaine newes be receaued
Wheather *Phillis* lyue or dye; and then be resolved.

Amyntas.

Lyue or dye? whoe doubts? would God that were to be doubted.

Fulvia.

And would God my tongue had clou'n to my rooffe, when I blabbed.

Amyntas.

Geaue mee the lawne, good Nymph, white lawne, which only remaineth
Of sweete-white *Phillis*, that I may in stead of a *Phillis*
Kisse my *Phillis* lawne, and soe my ioyes be prolonging,

The first part of the

Soe my shortned dayes with contentation ending.

Fulvia.

What? shal I giue or keepe? Lewd cause wherefore he desir's it
Wills me to keepe it still, least it bring fancy to fury.

Amyntas.

Nymph extremely cruel, that thincks it much to be geuuing
One poore peece of lawne, eu'n at last gasp of *Amyntas*.
Well, then I yeeld to my death, and destiny noe-pity-taking:
Let lawne stay with you, and you stay here for *Amyntas*.

Daphne.

Harck, come back, here, take, ô stay, and run not *Amyntas*.
And yet *Amyntas* runs, enraged, desperat, headlong.

Fulvia.

Yea, and runs soe fast, that hee is not like to be outrun.
Therefore better I were to my iourneys end to be hasting:
And yet I greene myself, *Montanus* minde to be greening,
Least these newes inflict as deadly a wound in a father,
As they gaue eu'n now to the scynting hart of a Louer.

The fourth Act, and first Scene.

Phillis, Daphne, Chorus.

BVt what a dart was that, which mightily flew fro the fingers
Of braue Lady Regent of these woods, *Pembrokiana*,
Vnto the forreine Beare, which came with greedy deuowring
Iawes to the harmeles game? Whose dying howre was a birth-day
Vnto her owne yong whelpes, whose groanes thus lastly refounded,
Deaths dart, (yet sweete dart, as throwne by *Pembrokiana*)
Make my wound more wyde, giue larger scope to my yong ones,
Geue them a free passage, herself hath geu'n them a passport.

Daphne.

Phillis, for your sports I doe much ioy, but yet a thousand
Times more for yourself, sith you soe quickly reuiued
Lyue yet safe and sound: for *Fulvia* lately reported
Strange newes of your death: would God that *Fulvia* had beene
Dumme, or an other deafe: one mischif draws on an other.

Phillis.

And in truth iust cause had *Fulvia* for to belecue soe,
Sith that I was not lyke from deaths dore soe to be scaping.

Daphne.

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

Daphne.

But yet noe iust cause had *Fulvia* for to report foe.
Now let's heare at large, thy dangers and thy delu'ries.

Phillis.

Why!st I ran after a wolf, I was all inclosed on a foddayne
With darck dens and groues, and forc't that chase to be leauyng:
But when I sought to retyre and company lost to recouer,
There did I see this wolf (for I knew this Wolf by an arrow
Which myself did shoote, and gaue her a wound by the least care)
There did I see this Wolf and more Woolus greedily praying
On some beasts carcas late slayne by them, but I could not
Well discerne what beast: this wounded Wolf in a fury
Coms with a gored mouth, (it seemes my face shee remembred)
And soe makes onward, whoe had beene worthyly welcom'd,
Had not a tree by a chaunce my dart vnworthyly hindred.
My dart mislighting, fell Wolf more fiercely aproching
Drew soe neare, that I saw 'twas booteles now to be shooting,
And darts were all spent: Therfore at last I retyred
And fled back for feare, but wyl'd Wolf hastened onward:
Now marck what chaunced, my lawne hang'd downe to my shoulders
And stooke fast to a bush, and stayd my flight, but I plucked,
Yet bush held it fast; at last my lawne I relinquish't
For to reserue my life, and tore it away with a greate part
Of my scattered hayre, and feare soe forcibly vrged
Lightfooted *Phillis*, that a fearefull death shee auoyded.
As to my house full glad for ioy I repayred, I met thee
Daphne, there full sad by the way, and greatly amased.

Daphne.

Phillis alas is aliue, but an other's gone to be dying.

Phillis.

And what mean's this, Alas? am I now soe lightly regarded,
That my life with, Alas, of *Daphne* must be remembred?

Daphne.

Phillis, I loue thy life, but I lyke not a death of an other.

Phillis.

Whose death? *Daph.* Death of *Amyntas*. *Phil.* Alas how dyed *Amyntas*?

Daphne.

How? that I cannot tell; nor yet well whether it is foe:
But noe doubt, I belecue; for it is most lyke that it is foe.

The first part of the

Phillis.

What strange news doe I heare? what causd that death of *Amyntas*?

Daphne.

Thy death. *Phil.* And I aliue? *Daph.* Thy death was lately reported,
And he beleecus thy death, and therefore seeketh his owne death.

Phillis.

Feare of *Phillis* death prou'd vayne, and feare of *Amyntas*
Death will procure vayne too: life eache thing lyuely procureth.

Daphne.

O *Phillis Phillis*, thou knowst not what be the torments
Of truelouers hart, hart made of flesh as *Amyntas*,
Not flynte hart, as thine; els wouldst thou loue that *Amyntas*,
Which thou'd *Phillis* more than life or fowle of *Amyntas*.

Phillis, I know, for I saw, then when thou fledst from *Amyntas*,
Fledst, when by reason thou shouldst haue killed *Amyntas*:

Then did *Amyntas* tourne his poynted dart to his owne brest,
And thrust brest on dart: and vile dart pierst in a moment
Through his coate, skyn, flesh; and would haue speedily pierced
That same hart, which thou hadst more vnluckily pierced,
But that I grasped his arme, and stayd that desperat outrage.
And now that linall wound perchaunce wil serue for a first prooffe
Of cursed courage, and mynde vnkindely resolued,
And that dart make way, and passage shew to a damned
Knife, or a balefull sword, with freer scope to be murthering.

Phillis.

Is this true? *Daph.* Noe doubt. *Phil.* But alas would nobody stay him?

O let's goe, let's run, let's seek and search for *Amyntas*.
Yf that *Amyntas* dy'de, when *Phillis* seem'd to be dying,
Then, sith *Phillis* lyues, let *Amyntas* truly be lyuing.

Daphne.

Yes yes, quykly Iran; But whoe can deale with a madman?
Rage and grieffe fro my sight conueyd him away in a moment.
Therefore now toolate, it's toolate now to be runnyng,
And thanck thy running, that it is toolate to be running.

Phillis.

O, this fretts my soule *Daphne*, this deadly remembrance
Of my scornfull pryde, that I then my Chastyty called,
And it Chastyty was, but Chastyty noe-pyty-taking,
Now I repent it alas, but now toolate I repent yt.

Daphne.

Countesse of Pembrokes Twychurch.

Daphne.

Good God, what doe I heare? can *Phillis* now be repenting?
Can she relent or yeeld? What playnt, what passion is this?
Can proud *Phillis* loue? *Phil.* Noe loue, but yet pyty-taking.

Chorus.

When pyty runneth afore, loue always hasteneth after:
And now *Phillis* loues, since *Phillis* now pyty-taketh.

Daphne.

But too late, *Phillis*, too late. O wretched *Amyntas*,
Thou (cu'n lyke to a Bee, that stings, yet dyes as hee stingeth,
And his wounding life doth leaue in place that he woundeth)
Hast by thy death at last pierst *Phillis* through to the hart-roote,
Whereas in all thy life thou couldst not possibly moue her.

Now if *Amyntas* soule from flesh and blood be released,
And here wandreth abroad (as I thinck it for to be wandring)
Let that soule now see, and ioy her paynes to bee seeing,
Soule, that lyuing loud, and by death, bought, to be loued.

Chorus.

Pryce to the buyer deare, and shamefull price to the seller.

Phillis.

O that my loue might once purchase life for *Amyntas*,
O that *Amyntas* life with my life might be redeemed.

Daphne.

When steedes are stollen, then *Phillis* looks to the stable.

The second Scene.

Ergastus. Chorus. Phillis. Daphne.

MY hart with pyty melts, my fowls foe drowned in anguish,
That noe fight, noe sound obiects itself to my senses,
But drawes teares from my eyes, and horror brings to my hearing.

Chorus.

What's this newmans news, that makes hym looke thus amased?

Ergastus.

(dore.

News of *Amyntas* death. *Phil.* This deaths-newes brings mee to deaths

Ergastus.

Most noble Pastor, that these woods lately frequented,
Gentle, loued of all, to the Nymphs deare, deare to the Muses,
And but a stripling dy'de, and what death? *Chor.* O, let vs heare it,
O, let vs heare it alas, that wee may all be a mourning
His mischaunce, our grief. *Phil.* O deare God, I dare not aproach hym,
Least that I heare these news, yet these news must I be hearing.
Hart of stone, hard hart, curst hart, what maks thee be fearing?

The first part of the

Goe and encounter these knives, these darts that he bringeth
In fowle-wounding tongue, there shew thyself to be stony.

Pastor, I come for part of these news rightly belonging
Vnto my damnable hart, and due, more due to my hearing
Than thou canst conceaue; then spare not freely to geue it.

Ergastus.

Phillis, I surely belecue, that I heard this wretched *Amyntus*
With thy name his life and lamentation ending.

Daphne.

Ill news differring, is a plague as great as an ill news.

Ergastus.

Late as I mended netts on a hill, soretroubled *Amyntus*,
Horribly vext and chafte, in face and action altred,
Past by my side in a rage: but I stept and hastened after,
And ouertook him; for I mus'd what might be the matter.

Good fryend *Ergastus*, qd hee then, now doe me a pleasure,
Come with *Amyntus* now, and marck what hee dooe's as a witnes,
Stand as a witnes by; but first sweare, soe to be standing,
And my deedes soe marckt, in noe respect to be hindring.
Here I alas poore foole (for whoe would euer imagin
Such a detestable act, as he purposed then to be woorking?)
Rapt out horrible oathes straight way, and sware by the mighty
Nightwandring *Hecate*, *Pallas*, *Pomona*, *Priapus*,
And *Pan* Pastors God, that I would performe what hee wild mee.
Then did he leade me along to a steepe and horrible hill topp,
All abrupt and rough, and made soe feareful a downefall,
That my lymms all quakt, when I lookt fro the hill to the valley.
Here did he pause for a while, and somewhat seem'd to be smyling,
Which rather made mee noe mischif for to bee deemyng.

Then, qd he, what thou see'st, that tell to the Nymphs, to the Pastors,
And at last, these woords with a downe cast looke he resounded,
If that I could aswell commaund those greedy deuouring
Throaties and teeth of Woolues, as I can soone leap from a hilltopp,
As my life did dye, o then soe would I be dying;
Then should these my lymms and cursed corps be dyuyded,
As those tender ioynts, o grief, were all to be mangled.
But since frownyng skies wil'd beasts now will not asford mee,
(Which yet I know intyme wil come this flesh to be tearing)
This must serue, short death, though sharper death I deserued.

Phillis, I come straight way, Ile com to thy company, *Phillis*,

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

If thou doest not yet disdayne my company, *Phillis*.
If that I were but sure, that death brought end to thy anger,
And that my comming would giue noe cause to molest thee,
Then should life with ioy leaue wel contented *Amyntas*;
Phillis, I come, scorne not, scorne not my company, *Phillis*.
Thus sayd, lightly he leapt, and headlong fell to the valley;
My soule quakt for feare, *Daph.* O griefe. *Phil.* O woeful *Amyntas*.

Chorus.

And why staydst him not? wast feare, thy oath to be breaking?

Ergastus.

O noe, for when I saw his mynde thus bent to that outrage,
Oaths (in such case vaine) I began to be lightly regarding.
And couglt hould (naught hould) couglt hould by a paltery gyrdle;
Paltery gyrdle brake by the swing, and weight of *Amyntas*:
Part with *Amyntas* went, and th'other part I reteigned.

Chorus.

O but wher's that corps, and bruyfed bones of *Amyntas*?

Ergastus.

God knows; for by the fall my senceles soule was amased,
Neyther durst I behould his corps vnluckily quashed.

Chorus.

O strange news indeede, breakneck, breakheart of *Amyntas*.

Phillis.

O pytyles *Phillis*, wel may thy hart bee a stony
Hart, if breakeneck news cannot yet breake it a sunder.
Yf false tales of death, her death, whoe hated *Amyntas*,
Tooke his life yet away; good reason then that *Amyntas*
True death, too true death, whoe my hate louely requyted,
Should take life from mee; and soe it shall, with an endles
Griefe of troubled soule, or a too too slowly reuenging
Stroake of a murdring hande, or this same peece of a gyrdle,
Peece of a gyrdle alas: that left his mayster *Amyntas*
For good cause, that soe proud *Phillis* might be rewarded,
And his maysters death with *Phillis* death be requyted.

Luckles gyrdle alas of too too luckles *Amyntas*,
Take noe scorne for a while in a bosome vile to be lodged,
Sith to requyte, to reueng thou mean'st therein to be lodged.
Phillis should haue beene true turtle-doue to *Amyntas*
In this lightsome world, but *Phillis* prowdly denyed;
Therefore by thy meanes *Phillis* shall meete with *Amyntas*

The first part of the

In those darcksome dens, as *Phillis* rightly deserued.

Chorus.

Poore distressed soule, forbear thy self to be plaguings
His fact, not thy fault, drew his confusion onward.

Phillis.

Pastors, why doe ye mourne? What meane these heauy bewaylings?

Yf you mourne *Phillis*; *Phillis* noe mercy deserueth,

Sith this merciles hart to *Amyntas* mercy denyed:

Yf you mourne his death, whoe had noe cause to be dying,

Noe such mourning can suffice for muredred *Amyntas*.

Dry those teares, *Daphne*, and wipe thy watery fountayns,

And come, yet come not for mee, but come for *Amyntas*,

Help mee to seeke and fynde, t'entombe those bones of *Amyntas*;

For this I stay yet aliue: this funeral obsequy only

Phillis can performe for balefull loue of *Amyntas*.

And though murthering hand pollute soe sacred an office,

Yet sith *Phillis* her hand performs soe sacred an office,

This wil *Amyntas* take as a most acceptable office.

Daphne.

Phillis, I yeeld my help his scattred bones to be searching,

But soe that *Phillis* make noe more talk of a dying.

Phillis.

All this whyle to myself did I lyue; but now to *Amyntas*,

Or to *Amyntas* bones, cruist bones soe long wil I liue yet,

And lyue noe longer; my life, his funeral ending.

Pastors: But yet wher's that way which leads to the downefall?

Chorus.

There: and t'hill stands thence but a lytle more than a furlong,

Daphne.

Come, let's goe, and search: Ile guyde thee; the place I remember.

Phillis.

Pastors al farewell; farewell fayre *Pembrokianes*

Yuychurches parck, and fountaynes watery, farewell.

Chorus.

This Nymph tak her leaue, as though these soe many farewells

Were her last farewell, which should cause deadly departure.

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

The fifth Acte, and first Scene.

Elpinus. Chorus.

Lou's æternall lawes are most vnworthily blamed,
Vpright law, sin deede, in shew though somewhat vnæquall.
And greate Lord of loue his men with mercy protecteth,
And yet, with iustice, with due moderation ordereth.
O by what strange meanes and wondrous ways, fro the dungeon
Of despayre, to the bowre of blisse doth he bring in a moment
His louing subiects? loe, gentle-mynded *Amyntas*
Eu'n to the highest poynt of ioy hath clymbd by a downefall,
Vnto a loues Paradise, by a hell ful of infynit horror.
Blessed *Amyntas* now; soemuch more blessed *Amyntas*
Now, by how much then more wretch more cursed *Amyntas*.
Now may *Elpinus* conceaue some matter of hoping
By thine example, that he shall haue fortunat ending
Of these loueles toyles, and most vnluckly begynnys.

Chorus.

Sage *Elpinus* coms, and speaks strange words of *Amyntas*,
As, that hee were yet aliue; and thinks his state to be happy,
For that he dy'de for loue, and by death, bought to be loued.
Bitter bowre of blisse, where monstrous murder aboundeth,
Louing fooles Paradise, that leaues his life to be loued.
What meanes *Elpinus* soe woeful an end to be wishing?

Elpinus.

Fryends leaue of mournyng: you heard false news of *Amyntas*.

Chorus.

What, did hee not leap downe? *Elp.* Yes downe to his only desyred
Ioyes, and past by the shade of a feareful death, to a heauen,
And now leaneeth his head on brest of sweete bony *Phillis*,
Sweete bony *Phillis* now, more louing now by a thousand
Parts, then loueles afore; and sucks those sweetly beseemyng
Teares from *Phillis* her eyes, with a mouth with *Nectar* abounding.
And now nothing els is wanting vnto the full ioy
Of thease louing sowls, but that *Montanus* is absent;
And *Montanus* I seake, whose woord maks absolut ending.

Chorus.

Theyre yeares are æquall, and theyre affection æquall,

The first part of the

And both learned alyke: ô, now *Montanus* is happy
Happy to haue this stay and comfort vnto his ould age.
But shew yet, what luck, what God soe saued *Amyntas*.

Elpinus.

Hearc, ô hearc then that, whereof these eyes the beholders
Were, and whereof now this tong may well be reporter.
By my caue did I tyt with *Thyrsis* down by the downe-fall,
Talking of my loue, loueles yet louely *Lycoris*:
When from an high wee saw some man fall downe on a soddayn.
There was a heape of thorns and bows compact on a cluster
Somewhat aboue our heads, 'twas his hap there first to be lightings
Which although by the swing and weight it bursted a sunder,
And all came tumbling, and fell downe flatly before vs,
Yet by this encounter that fall prou'd not to be mortall,
Though sore and painefull, making him lye as amased
One whole howre and more, as vnable his eyes to be op'nyng.
Wee twooe, astonyed to behold soe feareful an obiect,
Stood starck dumme for a while, although wee knew 'twas *Amyntas*;
But perceauing that this fall seem'd not to be mortall,
Our whole endeouours w'apply'de, his woe to be swaging,
And sent one forth with, for cunning *Alphesibæus*,
Alphesibæus whom that greate God learned *Apollo*
Made to be skilful in hearbs, when he gaue mee the guyft to be singing.
But now in meane tyme, when *Thyrsis* gan to rehearse mee
All those secrete woes and forepast pangsof *Amyntas*,
Daphne and *Phillis* did meete vs there on a soddayne,
Daphne and *Phillis*, whoe sought bruyd bones of *Amyntas*
Whom they thought to be dead, as then was told mee by *Daphne*.

But when *Phillis* saw her longlookt louer *Amyntas*,
Discolored, bruyfed, forewounded, then with a raging
Voyce, and beaten breast on *Amyntas* flatly she falleth,
Face to *Amyntas* face, and mouth to the mouth of *Amyntas*:

Chorus.

Was not *Phillis* abasht, vnseemely to ly on *Amyntas*?

Elpinus.

Shame to a feynhart loue doth sometimes serue for a bryd'e;
But true loue indeede contemns soe basheful a brydle.
Afterward with teares his bloodles cheeks she bewashed,
And those teares soe wrought that *Amyntas* quickly reuyed,
Op'ned his eyes, and breathd; which breath soe luckily vttered

Encountring

Countesse of Pembrokes Church.

Encountring *Phillis* sweete breath was louely receaued.

With what an endles ioy these twoe lay sweetly togeather,
Eyth in others arms, and eyther sure of an others
Life and loue, louers may thinck, none els can imagin.

Chorus.

Is then *Amyntas* saulfe, that he needs not feare any danger?

Elpinus.

Saulfe and sound, but that those thornes haue partly defaced
His fayre cheekes, and sydes did somwhat chaunce to be bruyed:
But that's iust nothing, and woorks noe woe to *Amyntas*,
(Happy *Amyntas* now, that shew'd such signe of a louing
Hart, and soe at last obteynd to be lou'd of a louing
Soule, his passed paines, make present ioyes to be greater)
As yourselues shall see: for *Phillis* coms with *Amyntas*
Hytherward hard by: myself must first to the lodging
Of rich *Montanus*, perswading hym to be yeelding
Vnto the purposed match; and thither they be apoynted
Shortly to com, this way: and now its tyme to be walking.

The second Scene.

Amyntas, Phillis.

DEARE life, when shal I once haue full possession of you?

Phillis.

When tyme com's, Ile tell: fruyte too-soone pluckt, is a sowre-fruyte.

Amyntas.

If too-late, rotten. *Phil.* Then pluck when tyme is apoynted.

Amyntas.

O yet, come sweete light of these myne eyes to the harbor,
And ten-thousand woes with a good-turne once be requyting.

Phillis.

What good-turne would you? *Amyntas.* That which cost you not a dodkin,
And yet would content my minde much more than a treasure.

Phillis.

What's that? I vnderstand not yet what may be the meanyng.

Amyntas.

Harck in your eare then. *Phil.* Fy, noe: is that but a tryfle?

Amyntas.

Yet let's sleepe for a while; for your sake long was I watching.

The first part of the

Phillis.

Content. *Amynt.* O sweete Nympe. *Phil.* But stay, and stir not a finger:
As you sleepe, Ile tell, what flowrs I doo keepe for a brydes-wayne.

Amyntas.

How can I heare in sleepe? *Phil.* What pleasure then can *Amyntas*
Take, when he sleepes by my side, if he feele noething when he sleepe the?
And yet I can not sleepe, for ioy, that I found my *Amyntas.*

Amyntas.

Then let's kisse: kist mouth is nothing woorse for a kissing:
Soe Bee sucks sweete flowrs, flowrs noething woorse for a sucking;
And you kisse roses, then thinck my lips to be roses.

Phillis.

Well: but these roses soe kist, ask not to be kissed:
Then let *Amyntas* stay, till *Phillis* meane to be kissing.

Amyntas.

Yf nought els, yet geue mee leaue those eyes to be kissing,
Those faire eyes, and soe shal I seeme fayre sowle to be kissing.

Phillis.

You would kisse myne eyes: which euer afore, with a thousand
Sighs and sobs you curst, for throwing darts at *Amyntas.*

Amyntas.

Now I desyre your eyes of purpose for to be kissing,
Thereby soe to declare by this soe louely a token,
That your murdring eyes, my cursing lips be for euer
Now made faithfull fryends, and all contention ended.
And, if *Phillis* thinck herself not fully reuenged,
Then let her owne teethe byte these lying lipps of *Amyntas.*

Phillis.

If that *Amyntas* cease myne eyes any more to be cursing,
Why should *Phillis* then for spyte his lips be a byting?

Amyntas.

If noe kynde of kisse from *Phillis* may be procured,
Yet let an embracement to *Amyntas* his arms be aforded.

Phillis.

With good will. *Amynt.* Most good; what better will to *Amyntas*?

Phillis.

But yet stay: *Phillis* must first get a boone of *Amyntas.*

Amyntas.

O what gayst shal I graunt? what boone seeks my bony *Phillis*?

Phillis.

Fowre or fise apples fro the tree that growes by the hil-topp.

Amyntas.

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

Amyntas.
How can I come to the tree for bry's and soe-many bushes?

Phillis.
Ile bring you soe neare, as you may easily tutch it.

Amyntas.
If that I may clasp it, then doubt not, *Phillis*, *Amyntas*
Will clymbe vp to the tree, or shake downe soe many apples.

Phillis.
Is't true? clypt *Phillis* must then looke soe to be serued.

Amyntas.
My life, geue me the leaue, this faire red rose to be putting
In this bosome, where my hart hath made his abyding,

Phillis.
O soe might you prick your hart with thorns of a red rose,
Or take it fro my brest perchaunce, and geue it an other.

Amyntas.
Graunt me this one grace yet: this fauour dooe me for all this,
Geue me thy snowe-white hand, to be clypt and kilt of *Amyntas*.

Phillis.
Soe by the hard-gryping, hoate-kissing Lower *Amyntas*,
Phillis snowe-white hand may melt, or chaunce to be bruyed.

Amyntas.
What kinde of loue's this, that *Phillis* bear's to *Amyntas*.

Phillis.
Discreate and sober. *Amynt.* Well, then this shalbe my sober,
And yet louely request; Sit downe, that I may be beholding
That faire *Phillis* face, and heare her sweetly resounding,

Phillis.
Phillis must needs yeeld, when *Amyntas* duly demaundeth.

Amyntas. They sing these Asclepiades.
Sweete face, why be the heu'n's toe to the bountifull,
Making that radiant bewty of all the stars
Bright-burning, to be fayre *Phillis* her ornament?
And yet seeme to be soe spytefully partial,
As not for to aford *Argus* his eyes to mee,
Eyes too fawne to behould *Phillis* her ornament?

Phillis.
First and lastly belou'd, only my only ioy,
Why hath not thy belou'd soe many lou'ly harts
As those Partriches haue of *Paphlagonia*?
One brest is not enough for to reteigne my ioy,
More harts would that I had for to receaue my loue,
As those Partriches haue of *Paphlagonia*.

Amyntas.
Let come fayre *Helene*, *Troy's* tribulation,
Or braue *Endymions* sweete speculation,
Or Nymph *Idalian* friendly to passion:

The first part of the

None but *Phyllis* alone holdeth *Amyntas* hands:

None but *Phyllis* alone pleaseth *Amyntas* eyes:

None but *Phyllis* alone woundeth *Amyntas* hart:

Phyllis.

Let come that pretty Boy, fende of his owne image,

Or Godd she Mynion kylde by an ougly Boare,

O youthfull *Gymmede* rapt by the Thunderer:

Phyllis stretcheth alone hands to *Amyntas* hands,

Phyllis turneth alone eyes to *Amyntas* eyes,

Phyllis ioyneth alone hart to *Amyntas* hart.

O, this *Amyntas* name enchants my soule, that I can not

Leaue this *Amyntas* name: my tonge stil runs on *Amyntas*,

And my harte, and mynde, and soule stil thincks on *Amyntas*:

And yet, *Amyntas*, I know, its more than tyme to be going:

Elpinus longe since hath made all known to my father,

And my father, I know, his new son longs to be knowing.

Amyntas.

Let mee help you vp: your hand is in hand of *Amyntas*

Now at last surprysde: yet I ask but a kisse for a ransome.

Chorus.

YF that such lowre sawce for sweetest meates be reserued;

Yf that *Amyntas* must serue, loue, weepe, dy for a *Phyllis*,

Yf those great pleasures with greate payns must be procured,

Then, good loue, geaue those greate matters vnto the greate-men.

Let my Loue soone loue; let a sawdrey lace, or a thymble,

Or yong nightingale suffice my fancy to further:

Let not such torments and martyrdoms be requyred

My poore simple ioyes, and pleasures lowely to season:

But sweete-bitter woords, but kinde and louely repulses,

And such falling out, as may be a speedy reuuing

And fresh increasing of loue: let such be the louing

Iarres, and warres, as peace and truce may end in a moment.

FINIS.



Phillis Funerall.

The second part of the Countesse of Pembrokes *Twychurch.*

The first day.

NOW bonylasse *Phillis* was newly betroathd to *Amyntas*
By rich *Montanus* consent; whose yet, for a long tyme
Wedding day differd, til his owne byrth day was aproaching:
That twooe solempne feasts ioynd fryendly togeather in one day
Might with more meryment, and more concurse be adorned.
Soe men on earth purpose, but Gods dispose in *Olympus*:
For, when as each thing was by the Father duly prepared,
And byrthwedding day now nere and nearer aproached,
Wedding by brydes death was most vntymely preuented,
And fathers byrth-day, deaths-day to the daughter apoynted;
Deaths-day lamented many dayes by the woeful *Amyntas*,
Deaths-day which hastned deaths-day to the mourneful *Amyntas*:
Whose mournyng all night all day, did weary the Mountaynes,
Weary the woods, and winds, and caues, and weary the fountayns.
But when he saw in vayne his cheeks with teares to be watred,
Cheeks all pale and wan, yet could not fynde any comfort;
Comfortles then hee turns at length his watery countnance
Vnto the water streames; and there his playnts he begynneth:
Heare, ô Brooke, these playnts, heare, ô sweete brooke, my bewaylings,
And conuey them downe to thy kinsmans watery kingdome,

The second part of the

Downe to the world-washing main-sea with speedy reflowing:
World-washing mayne-sea will then conuey to the worlds-end:
This greuous mourning by the shore, by the sands, by the desert,
Desert, sands, and shore fit witnesses vnto my mourning.

And greate God *Neptune* perchance his mightyly-thundring
Triton will commaund to recount what I feele, what I suffer,
Raging heate of loue passing out agins *Aetna*.

Soe th'infamous fame of wretched louer *Amyntas*,
Blowne from th'east to the west by the sounding tromp of a *Triton*,
Through deepe seas passing, at length may pierce to *Auernus*
And fyelds *Elysian*, where blessed sowles be abyding;
And there meete *Phillis*, sweete sowle of *Phillis* among them,
Sweete sowle of *Phillis*, stil stil to be mournd of *Amyntas*.

O what a life did I leade, what a blessed lyfe did I leade then,
Happy Shepheard with a louing lasse, while destiny suffred?
Vnder a Beech many tymes wee sate most sweetly together,
Vnder a broade Beech-tree, that sunbeames might not anoy vs,
Eyther in others arms, stil looking eyther on other,
Both many tymes singing, and verses both many making,
And both soe-many woords with kisses soe-many mynglinge:

Sometymes her whyte neck, as white as mylk, was I tutching,
Sometymes her prety papps and brests was I bould to be fingring,
Whilst *Phillis* smyling and blushing hangd by my bosome,
And these cheeks of myne did stroake with her yuory fingers.

O ioyfull spring-tyme with pleasures wished abounding,
O those blessed days, whilst good luck shinde fro the Heauens.
But since *Phillis*, alas, did leaue most cursed *Amyntas*,
Paines haue plagued, alas, both flesh and bones of *Amyntas*,
Noe day riseth, alas, but it bears these groanes of *Amyntas*,
Noe night commeth, alas, that brings any rest to *Amyntas*,
Night and day thus, alas, stil *Phillis* troubleth *Amyntas*.

Now if northern blasts should sound theyr feareful alarum,
And boistrous tempests come thundring downe fro the Heauens;
Soe that I were compeld with Sheepe and Kidds fro the pastures
Down to the broade-branched trees & thick-sett groaues to beskudding,
There to remayne for a while, and all for feare of a scowring,
Phillis then doe I want, then my sweete *Phillis* is absent,
Phillis then doe I want, whose woont was then to be harknyng
All that I could of loue, or goddesse louely remember:
Songs of lusty *Sorjys*, and *Funnys* friends to the Moutayns,

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

And cherefull *Charites*; such songs, as none but I only,
Only *Amyntas* made, for none compar'd with *Amyntas*.

But now *Phillis* I want; and whoe shall now be my *Phillis*?
Whoe shall marck what I sing, what I say, forsaken *Amyntas*?
Yf that I prayse *Phillis*, these hills giue prayse to my *Phillis*,
And *Phillis*, *Phillis* from rocks with an *Eccho* reboundeth.
Yf that I groane, these trees with bending, yeeld many groanings,
And very ground for griefe shews her complexion altred:
See this ground, these trees, these rocks, and *Eccho* resounding,
All that I heare, that I see, geu's fresh increase to my sorrow.

Let those happy *Shepherds* keepe company fryendly together,
And I alone, yeelding due mournyng vnto my *Phillis*,
Ile now wander alone, stil alone by the rocks, by the Mountayns,
Dwelling in darck dens, by the wylde beasts only frequented,
Where noe path for man, where noe man's scene to be passing:
Or to the wood ile goe for darck with broad-shadoe braunches,
That noe sunne by the day, noe moone by the night doe behould mee,
And that I heare noe voyce but *Goblins* horrible outcries,
Owles balefull skrikings, and *Crowes* vnlucky resoundings.
There shal these myne eyes be resolud in watery fountayns,
There shall these fountayns flow ouer a long by the pastures.
There wil I make such playnts, as beasts shall mourne by my playnyngs,
Such playnts, as strong trees shall rent and ryue fro the rooting,
Make wylde *Panthers* tame, and mollyfy lastly the flynt stone.

And, if I needs must sleepe, ile take but a napp by my sleeping,
On bare and cold ground these lymys all weary reposing:
Noe greene turfe to my head shall stand in steede of a pillow,
Noe bows or braunches geue cou'ring vnto my carkas,
That some fowle serpent may speedly geue my deaths-wound,
That this poore fowle may from flesh and blood be released,
And passing *Stygian* waters, may come to the fayre fyelds
Elysian fayre ields, and dayly resort to my *Phillis*.

Meane while, fryendly *Shepherds* & plow-men, marck what I tel you;
Disdaigne daynty *Venus*, geue noe ground vnto the yong Boy,
Yong Boy, but strong Boy, take heede, take heede by *Amyntas*,
Th'one with a fyre hath burnt, and th'other pierst with an arrow
Flesh and blood and bones, what's worse than a fyre, than an arrow?

O bitter fortune of too too wretched *Amyntas*.

The second part of the



AS soone as mornynge her shynnyng rayes fro the Mountaynes
Had shewne forth, and driu'n all starr-light quyte fro the heauenis,
Then that vnhappy shepherd still plagu'd with vnhappyly louing,
Left those barren bancks, and waters noe pyty-taking:
And on a crookt sheephooke his lymys all weary reposing,
Clymed aloft to the hills, but, alas, very fayntyly clymed,
Kydds, and Goates, and Sheepe, dryuing, good man, to the Mountayns,
For Sheepe, Goats, and kyds, with pastures better abounding, (Kydds.
Then by the way thus he spake, to the Sheepe, to the Goats, to the yong

O poore flock, it seems you feele these pangs of a Louer,
And mourne thus, to behould your mournfull mayster *Amyntas*.
Your woont was, some part to be bleating, some to be skipping,
Some with bended browes, and horned pates to be butting,
Sheepe to be gnapping grasse, and Goates to the vines to be clymyng.
But now noe such thing, but now noe lust to be liuely,
Sheepe and sylly Shepherd with luckles loue be besotted:
You for *Amyntas* mourne, for *Phillis* mourneth *Amyntas*;
O with what miseries poore mortall men be molested?

Now doe I know right wel what makes you thus to be mournyng,
Thus to be tyred, thus to be quayled, thus to be drooping;
Phillis, whyle she remaynd, mylkt my Goats euer at cunyng,
Goats that brought home duggs stretcht with mylk euer at cunyng.
Phillis brought them flowrs, and them brought vnto the well-pryngs,
When dogg-dayes rained, when fyelds were all to be scortched,
Whilst that I lay sleeping in cooling shade to refresh mee.

Phillis againe was woont with *Amyntas* Sheepe to be washing,
Phillis againe was woont my sheepe thus washt to be shearing,
And to the sweete pastures my Sheepe thus shorne to be dryuyng,
Then from Fox and Woolf my Sheepe thus driu'n to be keeping,
And in fyelds and coates my flock thus kept, to be closing;
Least by the Northerne wynds my Sheepe might chaunce to be pinched,
Least by the frost or snow my Kyds might chaunce to be greued:
Phillis lou'd you soe, soe *Phillis* loued *Amyntas*,
Phillis a guyde of yours, and *Phillis* a fryend of *Amyntas*.

But sweete Sheepe, sweete Goats, spare not to be liuely, for all this,

Looke

Countesse of Pembrokes Tynchurch.

Looke not vpon my weeping face soe sadly, for a I this,
Harcken not to my plaints and songs all heauy, for all this,
Harcken not to my pype, my pipe vnlucky, for all this,
But sweete sheepe, sweete goats, leaue of your mayster *Amyntas*,
Leape and skyp by the flowring fields, and leaue of *Amyntas*,
Clymbe to the vynes, and tender trees, and leaue of *Amyntas*;
Clymbe to the vines, but run for life for feare of a mischif,
When th'ould *Silenus* with his asse com's laesly trotting.
Let mee alone, mee alone lament and mourne my beloued,
Let me alone celebrate her death by my tears by my mourning:
Lyke to the siluer Swan, whose seeing death to be comming,
Wandreth alone for a whyle through streames of louely *Caister*;
Then to the flowring bancks all feynt at length he repayreth,
Singing there, sweete byrd, his dying song to *Caister*,
Geuing there, sweete byrd, his last farewell to *Caister*,
Yeelding vp, sweete byrd, his breath and song to *Caister*.

How can *Amyntas* lyue, when *Phillis* leaueth *Amyntas*?
What for fyelds, for woods, for meddows careth *Amyntas*,
Meddows, woods, and fyelds, if my sweete *Phillis* abandon?
Mighty *Pales* fro the fyelds, fro the meddows learned *Apollo*,
Faunus went fro the woods, when *Phillis* went from *Amyntas*;
Noe good sight to my eyes, noe good sound came to my hearing.
But let *Phillis* againe come back, and stay with *Amyntas*,
Then shal woods with leaues, and fieldswith flowrs be abounding,
Meddows with greene grasse to the poore mans dayly reioycing,
Mighty *Pales* to the fields, to the meddows learned *Apollo*,
Faunus coms to the woods, if *Phillis* come to *Amyntas*;
Noe bad sight to my eyes, noe bad sound coms to my hearing.

Come then, good *Phillis*, come back, if Desteny suffer,
Leaue those blessed bowres of fowls already departed;
Let those sparckling eyes most like to the fire to the christall,
Overcome those haggis and fiends of feareful *Auernus*,
Which haue overcome those starrs of cheareful *Olympus*.
And by thy speech more sweete than songs of *Thracian Orpheus*,
Pacify th'infernall Furies, please *Pluto* the grim God,
Stay that bawling curr, that three-throate horrible Hellhound.

Sweete hart, come to thy friend, to thy friend come speedily sweethart,
Speedily come, least grieve consume forsaken *Amyntas*.

Phillis I pray the returne, if prayers may be regarded,
By these teares of myne from cheeks ay rueful abounding,

The second part of the

By those arms of thine which sometime clasped *Amyntas*,
By lipps thyne and myne ioyned most sweetly together,
By faith, hands, and hart with true sincerity pledged,
By songs, by wedding with great solempnity vowed,
By iests, and good-turns, by pleasures all I beseech thee,
Help and succor alas thy forlorne loue *Amyntas*.
Or, by thy teares intreate those Nymphs of destiny fatall,
Noe-pity-taking Nymphs intreate that I lyue not alone thus,
Pyn'de thus away with griefe, suffring vspeakable anguish:
But let death, let death come speedily giue me my passport,
Soe shal I finde faire fyelds, faire seates, faire groues by my dying,
And in fields, in seates, in groues faire *Phyllis* abyding.

There shal *Phyllis* againe in curtesie strue with *Amyntas*,
There with *Phyllis* againe in curtesie strue shal *Amyntas*,
There shal *Phyllis* againe make garlands gay for *Amyntas*,
There for *Phyllis* againe gay garlands make shal *Amyntas*,
There shal *Phyllis* againe be repeating songs with *Amyntas*,
Which songs *Phyllis* afore had made and song with *Amyntas*,

But what alas did I meane to the whistling windes to be mourning,
As though mourning could restore what Destiny taketh?

Then to his house; full sad, when night approacht, he returned.



AND now since buriall of *Phyllis* lonely the third day
At length appeared, when poore distressed *Amyntas*
Looft his kiddes fro the fould, and sheepe let forth fro the sheepecoate,
And to the neighbour hills full set with trees he resorted:
Where, as amidst his flock, his Lasse thus lost, he bewayleth,
And mak's fond wilhes with deepe sighes interrupted,
And the relenting ayre with his outcries all to be beatech;
Eccho could not now to the last woord yeeld any *Eccho*
All opprest with loue, for herould loue stil she remembred,
And she remembred, stil, that sweete *Narcissus* herould loue,
With teares all blubbred, with an inward horror amazed.
When she begins to resound her sobbs stil stay the resounding,
When she begins her speech, her griefe stil stoppeth her halfe-speech,

With

Countesse of Pembrokes Tynchurch.

With which her woont was with louers sweetly to dally.
During these her dumps, thus againe complaineth *Amyntas*,
During his complaines she with all compassion harkneth.

O what a warre is this, with loue thus stil to be struing?
O what a wyld-fyre's this conueyd to my hart by the blynd-boy?
That neither long tyme can bring any end to my struing,
Nor teares extinguish this wylde-fyre throwne by the blynde boy?
Then then, alas, was I lost, ô then then, alas, was I vndoone,
When the coral-colored lips were by me greedily viewed,
And eyes like bright starrs, and fayre browes dayntily smyling,
And cherefull forehead with gold-wyre all to be decked,
And cheeks all white-red, with snow and purple adorned,
And pure flesh swelling with quick veynes speedily mouing,
And such fine fingers, as were most lyke to the fingers
Of *Tisbonus* wife plattring th'ould beard of her husband.
What shal I say to the rest? each part vnited in order,
Each part vnspotted, with long roabs couered each part.
What shal I say to the rest? many kisses ioynd to the sweete woords,
And many woords of weight in like sort ioynd to the kisses,
Vnder a greene lawrell sitting, and vnder a myrtle,
Myrtle due to *Venus*, greene lawrell due to *Apollo*.

That lytle earthen pott these ioyes hath now fro me snatched,
That lytle earthen pot where *Phyllis* bones be referued:
O thrice happy the pot, where *Phyllis* bones be referued,
And thrice happy the ground, where this pot shalbe referued.
Earth and earthen pot, you haue the belou'd of *Amyntas*,
Natur's sweete dearling, and only delyte to the Countrey,
And sunne of this soyle, of these woods only *Diana*.

O thrice happy the earth, but much more happy the earth-pot:

O thrice happy the grasse, that grows on graue of a Goddesse,
And shooting vpwards displays his top to the heauens.
Sweete blasts of *Zephyrus* shal make this grasse to be seemly,
Noe sythe shal tutch it, noe serpent craftily lurking
With venymous breathing, or poyson deadly shal hurt it;
Noe Lyonesse fowle pawes, Beares foote, beasts horne shal abuse it,
Noe byrds with pecking, noe vermyn filthy by creeping,
Noe winters hoare frost, no night-deaws dangerous humor,
Noe rage of Suns-heate, noe stars, or power of heauens.

Noe boistrous tempest, noe lightnings horrible outrage;
Dryue hence, good plow-men, driue hence your wearied oxen,

And

The second part of the

And you friendly shepherds, keep back your sheep fro the graues grass,
Least your sheepe vnwares may chaunce by my Loue to be harmed,
Least by the bulls rude rage her bones may chaunce to be bruyfed,
Whilst with foote and horne hee the graues-ground teareth asunder.

Make haste you yongmen, make haste all you prety damfells,
With sacred water this sacred place to besprynkle,
Burne piles of beech-trees, and then caste on the *Sabeen*
Spyce to the pyles burning, send sweete perfumes to the heauens,
Cinnamon, and *Casia*, Violets, and loued *Anomum*;
Red-colored Roses, with Beare-breech cast ye together.

And then on euery side set tapers sacred in order,
And beate your bare breasts with fyfts all weary with anguish,
And sing sweete epitaphs, lifting your voyce to the heauens,
Sing sowe-sweete epitaphs in death and praise of a Goddesse.
Wanton fleshly *Satyrs*, and *Fauns* friends to the mountains,
Nymphs addict to the trees, and in most gracios order
Three Graces ioyning, shall beare you company mourning.

And I myself will dresse, embalne, and chest my beloued,
And, folowing her coarfe, all pale, and wan as a dead man,
Weary the woods with plaints, and make new streames by my weeping
Such streames as no banck shall barr, streames euer abounding,
Such streames as noe drought shall drye, streames neuer abating,
With mee *Parnassius*, with mee shall mourne my *Apollo*,
And *Venus*, all chafed, that Desteny tooke my beloued.
And that same vile boy, which first did ioyne me to *Phillis*,
His lamp shall lay downe, and paynted quyuer abandon,
And with his owne prety teares trickling, and sweetly beseeming,
Help me to mourne, although that he gaue first cause to my mourning.

But, what alas doe I meane to repeate these funeral outcries,
Stil to repeate these plaints, and stil too late to repeate them?
Thrice hath *Phæbus* now displayd his beames fro the mountains,
Thrice hath *Phæbus* now descended downe to the mayn-sea,
Since my belou'd was dead, since our good company parted,
Since *Phillis* buried, since all solempnities ended,
Since my delyres, poore wretch, were all inclosd in a coffyn.
Yet doe I mourne here stil, though noe good come by my mournyng,
Adding teares to my teares, and sorrows vnto my sorrows,
And noe stay to my teares, and noe rest coms to my sorrows.

O strong boy, strong bow, and o most dangerus arrow.

Now

Countesse of Pembrokes Yuyeburch.

Now doe I fynde it a payne, which first did seeme but a pleasure,
Now doe I feele it a wound, which first did seeme but a smarting,
When strong boy, strong bow shot first that dangerus arrow.

Thus did *Amyntas* mourne, and then came home by the Sun-set,

In these verses,

Eccho could not now to the last word yeeld any Eccho

All oppress with loue, for her ould lase stil she remembred,

And she remembred stil that sweete Narcissus her ould loue, &c.

Some litle men fynde great fault, that this word, *stil*, being twice vsed, is but an idle repetition to make vp the verse. Where, if they could see, that in the first place it is an Aduerb, & an Adiectiue in the second, they might aswel bee *stil*, and not speake any thing, as *stil* talk, and yet say noething.

The like reprehension was that of him, whose wits were soe weakened with passions, that he fell downe of his horse, with singing, *Downe a Downe*. This man, first moned by the peremptory Preface of the Lawyers Logike (which yet could tutch none but the galled back) and reading there in the Analysis of *Stanfords Crowne Pleas*, that in *Homerids*, &c. although in times past *Voluntas reputatur pro facto*, yet it was not soe vsed in these dayes, but only in the Princes case, and certaine special and honorable personages mentioned by Statute in *H. 7.* time: thought it a wondrous fault, that I did but *Digitum ad forsem intendere*, and not literally repeate euery word at large out of *Saunders* case in *Plowden*, where I bring in his mynistring of poyson with a murdering intent, as a medium in framing of a Syllogisme: whereas alas euery chyld knowes, that *Saunders* action did effect death, euen to his owne confusion. Better might hee haue reprehended the mispryson of the Printer, whose *Pag. 74.* should haue left out *Higgs*, and put in *Alynshew*, the very lying image of Syr Philip Sydneys *Damasus*.



THrice had shining Sunne withdrawne his face fro the heauens,
And earth all darckned since *Phillis* friendly departed;
And, when fourth day came, then againe true-louer *Amyntas*
Myndeful of ould loue stil, rooke noe ioy flock to be feeding,
But stil alone wandring through fyelds, to the bancks, to the waters,
Leaned his head on Bank, and eyes cast downe to the waters,
With teares incessant his cheeks full watery washing.

What now resteth, alas, to be doone of woeful *Amyntas*?
Noe sence, noe knowledge in these vn sensible ashes,
In graue noe feeling, in death ther's noe pity-taking.

H

Phillis

The second part of the

Phillis makes but a iest, dead *Phillis* mocketh *Amyntas*,
Phillis breaks her faith, and plays with *Pluto* the black-Prince,
Pluto the black-Prince now enioys those ioyes of *Amyntas*.
 Speake on, good sweete Nymphs, if you can shew any tydings,
 Whether among those trulls that wayte on Queene of *Aueruns*,
 My Queene and Empresse, my *Phillis* chaunce to be spinning?
 Speake, for I feare, for I feare, shee'le neuer come to *Amyntas*.

Father *Syluanus*, *Syluanus* good to the mountains,
 And flocks on mountains, o help most helples *Amyntas*,
 Help by thyself by thy friends, thou God, cause Gods to be helping:
 For my religion, for my deuotion help mee,
 Either let *Phillis* be returned back to *Amyntas*,
 Or let *Amyntas* dy, that death may succor *Amyntas*.

And thou naughty *Cupide*, yet say on, geue mee thy counsaile,
 What shal I dooe? shal I dy? shal *Amyntas* murder *Amyntas*?
 Dy then *Amyntas*: death will bring *Phillis* to *Amyntas*.
 O hard-hearted Loue, thou see'st what I beare, what I suffer,
 Hare with flames, and eyes with mourneful water abounding,
 Head with cares posselt, and soule full of horrible anguish:
 This thou see'st, and sure I doe know, it greewes thee to see this,
 Though they call thee tyrant, though soe thou iustly be called,
 Though thy nature passe *Bustis* beastly behauiour:
 For, what makes me to mourne, may cause thee to yeeld to my mourning:
 One rude rock, one winde, and one tempestuous outrage
 Batters, breaks, and beats my ship, thy ship to the quicksands;
 Our harmes are equall, thy shipwrack's like to my shipwrack;
 Loue did loue *Phillis*, *Phillis* was lou'd of *Amyntas*,
Phillis Loues deapling, *Phillis* deapling of *Amyntas*,
 Decarling, crowns, garland, hope, ioy, health, wealth of *Amyntas*,
 And what more shal I say? for I want woords fit for *Amyntas*.

And thou churish ground, now cease any more to be fruitefull,
 Cease to be deckt with flowrs and all in greene to be mantled:
 Thy flowre is wyth red, my garland larely decayed,
Phillis thyne and myne with death vntymely departed:
 Whose sweete corps thou bar'st, whose footesteps in thee be printed,
 And whose face thou didst admyre for bewty renowned.
 Belch out roaring blasts with gaping iawes to the heauens,
 That those roaring blasts may scoure by the skies, by the heauens,
 And foule strugling stormes cast downe fro the clowds, fro the heauens,
 For such fowle weather will best agree with a mourner.

Howle

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

Howle and mourne thou earth, and roare with an horrible outcry,
Howle as then thou didst, when mountains were to the mountains
Put, by thy cursed broode, to be clyming vp to *Olympus*,
When great flakes of fire came flashing downe from the heauens,
When thy crawling sons came tumbling downe from *Olympus*.

Howle as Lady *Ceres* did then when Prince of *Auernus*
Stole her daughter away from fields that ioyned on *Aetna*,
Vnto the dungeons darck, and dens of his hellish abyding.
Thou ground, forgetfull what was by duty requyred,
Shouldst send vnbidden, with *Phyllis*, teares to *Auernus*.
Her blessed burden thou wast vnworthy to beare vp,
Therefore tender gyrl in flowring age she departed.

O frowning fortune, O starrs unluckily shyning,
O cursed byrth-day of quyte forsaken *Amyntas*,
Phyllis, alas, is chaungd, *Phyllis* conuerted in ashes,
Whose pretty lipps, neck, eyes, and haire soe sweetely besecming,
Purple, snow, and fyre, and gold-wyre seem'd to resemble.

Tithonus faire wife coms always home by the Sun-set,
Euery night coms home to that ould *Tithonus* her husband,
Sweete *Cephalus* leauing, and gray-beard hart'y kissing:
But my *Phyllis*, alas, is gone, is gone to *Auernus*,
Gone too-far to returne, and this tormenteth *Amyntas*.
White is black, and sweete is sowre to the sense of *Amyntas*,
Night and day doe I weepe and make ground moyst by my weeping,
Mourne, lament, and howle, and powre forth plaints to the heauens:
Soe doe the Nightingales in bushes thorny remaining,
Sing many dolefull notes and tunes, sweete harmony making,
Theyr yong ones mourning, their yong ones dayly bewayling.

Phyllis, alas, is gone, shee'le neuer come to *Amyntas*,
Neuer againe come back, for Death and Desteny stay her,
Stay her among those groues and darek some dens of *Auernus*,
Where's noe path to returne, noe starting hole to be scaping;
Desteny, Death, and Hell, and *Cerberus* horrible Hel-bound,
Loathsome streames of *Stryx*, that nyne times compas *Auernus*,
Stay her amongst those Haggis in dungeons ougly for euer:
Only the name and fame, and her most happy remembraunce
Stil shal abyde, shal lyue, shal flourish freely for euer.

Thus did *Amyntas* plaine, and then came faintly homeward.

The second part of the



The fifth day.

SInce *Phillis* buriall with due celebration ended,
Phæbus againe aduanc't his blazing face fro the maine-sea,
And with morning starre dispelling night fro the heauens,
Quickly the fifth tyme brought broade day-light vnto *Amyntas*:
But yet *Phillis* in hart, in mynde, and fowle of *Amyntas*
Stil did abyde, and stil was *Phillis* mournd of *Amyntas*.
Noe care of dryuing his kydds and goats to the mountains,
Noe care of folowing his sheepe and lambs to the pastures,
But daye-light loathing, and dayes woork wonted abhorring,
Straight to the woods doth hee walk, in noe mans company walking,
Where he the weeping flowre making all weary by weeping,
Vntuned speeches caste out, and desperat outcries.
Where with sighes, to the windes, with teares, increase to the waters
Stil did he geue, and stil vaine loue most vainly bewayled.
As louing Turtle seeing his lately beloued
Turtle-doue throwne downe from a tree with a stone or an arrow,
Can not abyde Sun-beames, but flies fro the fields, fro the meddows,
Vnto the darkest woods, and there, his desolat harbor
Maks in a Cypresse tree, with lyghtning all to be scorched,
Or with Winters rage and black storms fowly defaced:
Where, on a rotten bowe his lyms all heauy reposing,
Stil doth he grone for grieve, stil mourne for his onely beloued:
Then consum'd with greuous pangs, and weary with anguish,
Downe to the ground doth he fall with feynting wings fro the bare bow,
Beating dust with wings, and feathers fowly beraying,
Beating brest with becke, till blood come freshly abounding:
Soe did *Amyntas* mourne, such true-loue made him a mourner.
O what a vile boy's this, what a greuous wound, what a weapon?
O what a dart is this that sticks soe fast to my hart roote,
Lyke as a roote to the trunck, or lyke as a vyne to the elme tree?
O pityles loues-god, poore Louers how be we plagued?
O strong dart of Loue, which each thing speedily pearceth.
This dart God *Saturne*, God *Mars*, and great God of all Gods

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

Ioue hymselfe did wound viles that fame doe bely them:

Although God *Saturne* were ould, and lyke to a cruell crabbe,

Although *Mars* were arm'd with try'd *Vulcanian* armor,

Although *Ioue* with fyre and thunder maketh a rumbling.

Yea thine owne mother, thine owne inuincible arrow

Hurt, and prickt those papps which thou wast wont to be sucking,

Neyther spar'st thou him that raigns in watery kingdome,

Neyther spar'st thou him that rules in feareful *Auernus*:

Pluto knows what it is, with a paltery Boy to be troubled,

Neptune knows what it is, by a blynde boys check to be mated:

Then since heauens, seas, and hells are naught by thee spared,

Earth and earth-dwelling louers must looke to be pinched.

O what gaping earth will *Amyntas* greedyly swallow?

O what gulf of seas and deepes wil quickly deuoure him,

And bring him lyuing to the dead-mens sowls in *Auernus*?

Gods of skies (for loue hath pierst oft vp to the heauens)

If pyty moue your harts, if you from stately *Olympus*

Can vouchsaf to behold these inward wounds of *Amyntas*,

Free this troubled sowle from cares and infynit anguish,

End these endles toyles, bring ease by my death to my deaths-wound.

O that I had then dyde, when *Phillis* ly'd with *Amyntas*,

In fyelds, when *Phillis* sang songs of loue with *Amyntas*,

In fyelds, when *Phillis* kist and embraced *Amyntas*,

In fyelds, when *Phillis* slept vnder a tree with *Amyntas*,

Blest had *Amyntas* beene, if death had taken *Amyntas*.

Soe my *Phillis* might haue sitten downe by my death-bed,

Closing these eye-lids of dead, but blessed *Amyntas*,

(hands.

Blest, that hee dy'de in her arms, that his eyes were closd with her owne

But what alas doe I meane for death thus stil to be wishing

Foole that I am? for death coms quickly without any wishing.

Inward grief of troubled sowle hath brought me to deaths-dore,

Woonted strength doth fayle, my lyms are faynty with anguish;

Vitall heate is gone, like vnto a smoke or a vapor,

Yesterday but a boy, and now gray-headed *Amyntas*.

O luckles louers, how always are we bewitched,

What contrarieties, what fancies flatly repugnant,

How-many lyues, deaths, hopes, feares, ioyes, cares still doe wee suffer?

O that I could forget *Phillis* many tymes am I wishing,

O that I had dyde for *Phillis* many tymes am I wishing,

Thus distracted I am ten thousand tymes by my wishing,

The second part of the

Lyke to a shipp, through whirling gultes vnsteedyly passing,
Floating here and there, hence thence, with danger on each syde,
Fearing *Scyllas* iawes, and mouth of greedy *Charybdis*,
Whyllt by the rage of sea, bruyde shipp sticks fast to the quyk-sands,
And by the mighty rebounding waues is lastly deuoured.

But what alas doe I meane myne ould loue still to be mourning,
Forgetting pastures, and flocks, and vines by my mourning?
My naked pastures with floods are lyke to be drowned,
My fyelds vntilled with thorns are lyke to be pestred,
My poore Sheepe and Goats with could are lyke to be pinched,
My pretty black bullock will come noemore to my white cowe,
And by the swines fowle snout my vines are lyke to be rooted,
For want of walling, for want of custumed hedging.

Rank bows in vine-tree there's nobody now to be cutting,
Cutt bows with withy twiggs there's nobody now to be bynding,
Pecking Pyes from grapes there's nobody now to be keeping.

You rocks, help me to mourne; rocks, pinetrees lofty bearing,
You woods, help me to mounie; woods always woont to be silent,
You wells, help me to-mourne; wells cleare and lyke to the Chrystall,
Vines forelorne, forsaken shrubs, lament with *Amyntas*.

On you rocks many tymes *Phyllis* was woont to be walking,
In you woods many tymes *Phyllis* was woont to be sitting,
With you wells many tymes *Phyllis* was woont to be smyling.
And you vines and shrubs *Phyllis* was woont to be fingring.

Now t'was iust darck night, and home came seelly *Amyntas*.



The sixth day.

Since *Phyllis* buryall, sixty times sprang light fro the Mountayns,
Six tymes had *Titan* brought back his coach fro the mayn-sea,
And flying horses with salt waues all to be dashed,
With puffed vp nostrills greatesyre flames lustyly breathing.
When to the wyld woods went careles, yet careful *Amyntas*,
Leauing flock in fould, noe creatures company keeping,

Beating

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

Beating brest with fist, with teares face fowly defacing,
Filling ways as he went with such and so many waylings,
As were sometymes made by the sweete *Rhadopceian Orpheus*,
When by the rocks of *Thrace*, by the fatall water of *Habrus*,
His sweete *Euridice* with most sweete voyce he bewayld,
When sweete voyce, sweete harpe ioyned most sweetly together,
Made both byrds and beasts, both stocks and stones to be mourning.

Euery beast in fyeld wisheth day-light to be comming,
Mornyng starr by the byrds in fylds is sweetly saluted,
As soone as shee begins by the breake of day to be peeping;
Euery beast in fyeld witheth darck night to be comming,
Eu'ning starr to the kydds well fed, comes hartly welcome,
As soone as she begins by the nights approach to be shynnyng,
Neyther day nor night can please displeased *Amyntas*,
All day long doe I inourne, and all night long am I playnyng,
Noe day's free fro my playnts, and noe night's free fro my mourning.

Whosoe thinks it strange, that thus tormented *Amyntas*
Can thus long endure, who thincks it strange, that *Amyntas*
Lyues, yet taks noe rest, but stil hus, stil to be dying;
This man knows not alas, that loue is dayly triumphant,
Loue can abyde noe law, loue always lou's to be lawles,
Loue altrereth nature, rules reason, may streth *Olympus*.
Lawes, edicts, decrees: contemns *Ioue* mightyly thundring,
Ioue, that rules and raigus, with a becke that bendeth *Olympus*.
Loue caus'd *Hippolitus* with bryr's and thorns to be mangled;
For that he had fowle loue of lusting *Phadra* refused.
Loue made *Absyrtus* with sisters hands to be murdered,
And in peeces torne, and here and there to be scattred.
Loue forc't *Pasiphae* mans company long to be loathing,
And, for a whyte Bulls flesh; Bulls company long to be lusting.
Loue and luring looks of louely *Pelixena*, caus'd
Greekish *Achilles* death, when he came to the Church to be wedded.
Loue made *Alcides*, that greate inuincible *Heros*,
Master of all monsters, at length to be whipt by a Mystres.
Loue drownd *Leander* swymmyng to the bewtiful *Hera*,
Vnto the towne *Cestus* from towne of cursed *Abydos*.
Loue made *Ioue*, that's ruler of earth and ruler of heauen,
Lyke to a selly Shepherd, and lyke to the fruytful *Echidna*,
Lyke to a fyre, to a Swan, to a Showre, to a Bull, to an Eagle,
Sometymes *Amphitriou*, sometymes *Dytiana* resembling.

But

The second part of the

But what neede I to shew this blynde Boys surly behauour,
Lewd prancks, false policies, sly shifts, and wyly deuises,
Murdring mynde, hard hart, dead hand, bent bow, bloody arrowes?
Nobody knows better what bitter grief is abounding
In lou's lewd kingdome, than luckles louer *Amyntas*.
Whether I goe to the groaues, or whether I clymbe to the Mountayns,
Whether I walk by the bancks, or whether I looke to the fountayns,
Loue stil wayts at an inch, and neuer leaues to be pinching,
Euery thing complayns, and aunswereth vnto my playnyngs,
Euery thing geus cause and fresh increase to my mournyngs.

If that I mourne in woods, these woods seeme al to be mournyng,
And broade-brauncht oake trees their vpright topps to be bowing.
Yf that I sigh or sob, this pine-tree straight by the shaking,
This peareles pine-tree for company seem's to be pyning,
As though himself felt th'enduring pangs of *Amyntas*.

And that byrde o' *Thrace*, my woetul company keeping,
Cry's and calls for *Itys*, with monstrous villany murdred,
Murdred alas by the merciles hart and hands of a Mother,
Eaten alas by the cursed mouth and teeth of a father.
And poore Turtle-doue, her mates good company myssing,
Sits on a naked bowe, and keepes mee company mournyng.

When that I clymbe to the ragged rocks, & creepe to the Mountayns,
Staying feeble knees with a staffe, for feare of a falling,
If that I then curse death, and rayle on destiny fatall,
For marring that face, those cheeks, those yuory fingers
Of my sweete *Phillis*; *Phillis* coms back with an Eccho,
Eccho returns *Phillis*, syue tymes fro the rocks, fro the Mountayns.

Euery beast which hears these woefull playnts of *Amyntas*,
Coms and setts him downe twixt leggs of woeful *Amyntas*,
Suffring back to be stroakt with staff of mournesful *Amyntas*:
As that good Lyonesse, which first was cur'd by a *Romayne*,
In *Romayne* theater gaue life for lyfe to the *Romayne*.

O, if such pyty were in Destiny noe-pyty-taking,
Phillis I should not mysse, nor *Phillis* mysse of *Amyntas*.
Yf that I come to the bancks, and cast myne eyes to the waters,
Waters augmented by these my watery fountayns,
Then these fowle-mouth'd froggs with iarring tunes doe molest mee:
Soc that I am compeld with bowing knees to be praying,
Praying vnto the Nymphs in bowtes of water abyding,
That they would vouchsafe to receaue my carkas among them,

And

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

And fro the sight of man, fro the light of sunne to remoue it,
As that loued *Hylas* they sometymes fryendly receaued.
But yet I wish in vayne, and nought can I get by my wishing,
And of my wishing these lewd windes make but a whistling,
Soe noething contents poore malcontented *Amyntas*,
Clogd with an heape o' cares, and closd in a hell ful of horror.
Then to his homely Cabin, by the moone light hasted *Amyntas*.



Six nights now were past, and seuenth day hastened onward,
When, with fretting cares all spent and wasted *Amyntas*,
Went to the wood Itarkwood with greate extremitie weeping,
And to the dull deaff wynds his late losse freshly bewayling.

O how much this *Amyntas* is altered from that *Amyntas*,
Which was woont to be capten of euery company rurall?
Noething nymble I am with willow staff to be threshing,
Nor with toothed rake round hey-cocks for to be making.
Noething nymble I am my branched vines to be cutting,
Nor with sharp-edg'd suck my fruytefull soyle to be plowing.
Noething nymble I am my scabbed Sheepe to be curing,
Nor with leapping lads, with tripping trulls to be dancing.
Noething nymble I am sweetete rymes and songs to be making,
Nor sweete songs and rymes on pleasant pipe to be playing.
My sence is dulled, my strength extreamely decayed,
Since that sa, re *Phillis* my loue did leaue me for euer,
Whoe was worthy to liue, and worthy to loue mee for euer.

Phillis, fayre *Phillis*, thou dearling deare of *Amyntas*,
What lasse durst compare with dearling deare of *Amyntas*
For wit, for learning, for face, for seemely behauyour?
My sweete lasse *Phillis* was n' more lyke to the graygownes,
And contrey mylk-mayds, than Nightingale to the Lapwing,
Rose to the greene willow, or syluer Swan to the Swallow.
Phillis anydyst fayre mayds did fayre mayds company countnance,

The second part of the

As ripe corne doth fyelds, as clustred grapes doe the vinetrees,
As stout Bulls doe the droues, as bay leaues bewtify gardens.
Phillis name and fame, which is yet freshly remembred,
Passed abroad for farr, for farr surpass *Amaryllis*,
As that it yrekt and greu'd disdaineful prou'd *Amaryllis*,
Whoe stil thought herself for bewties prayse to be pearces:
But let her hart full of hate stil pyne, let her eyes full of enuy
Stil berefolud in teares, *Phillis* surmounts *Amaryllis*,
Phillis dead is alyue, and soe shall lyue to the worlds end,
Phillis prayse shall scape from death and graue to the worlds end.
But what auayls it alas, dead *Phillis* now to be praying?
Phillis alas is dead, its too late now to be praying,
And to renew ould thoughts and fond conceits by my praying.
Better it is to be low, and neuer clymbe to a kingdome,
Than fro the scepter againe to be tumbled downe to the dunghill.
For what auayles it now, that *Phillis* lulled *Amyntas*
Luld him a sleepe in her arms, and slept herself with *Amyntas*,
Vnder a cooling shade from scorching beames to defend vs,
Which sight made *Eglon*, and *Mopsus* teeth to be watry?
Or what auayls it now, t'haue gathred ioyntly togeather
Fragrant hearbs and flowrs by the mantled fyelds, by the meddows,
Daffadil, and Endyue, with mourning flowre *Hyacinthus*,
Thyme, Casia, Violets, Lillies, and sweet pretty Roses,
For Nymphs and wood-gods gay garlands duly preparing?
Or what auayls it now, t'haue pluckt at Strawberry brambles,
Blackberry bryr's t'haue spoyld, t'haue bared Mulberry branches,
With such contrey fruite our basketts heauily loading?
Or what auayls it now, t'haue geu'n her so many kisses?
Or t'haue taken againe in lyke sort so many kisses?
Or what auayls it now, t'haue drawn our talk to the eu'nyng?
Or t'haue made our names with boxtree bark to be growing,
Names and vowes which nought but death could cause to be broken?
Woeful wretch that I am, *Phillis* forsaks mee, for all this,
And forsaken of her, death hath possesst mee, for all this.
And yet I am not sick (vnles that loue be a sicknes)
But death coms creeping, and lingring lyfe is a flytting,
And this differring of death is woorse than a dying.
Lingring fyre by degrees hath spent and wasted *Amyntas*,
As *Meleager* of ould, whose life was left in a fyrebrand,
Fyrebrand cast to the fyre by the murdring hands of a mother,

When

Courtesse of Pembrakes Trenchurch.

When fatall fyrebrand burnyng did burne *Meleager*.

Euery day doe I weepe and euery howre am I wayling,
Euery howre and day dismall to the wretched *Amyntas*,
Yea much more wretched, than that poore silly *Prometheus*,
Whoe, for his aspyring, for stealing fyre from *Olympus*,
Was by the Gods decrees, fast bound with chaines to the mountayne
Caucasus, huge and cold, where hee's compelled an Eagle,
Eagle still feeding, with his owne hart still to be feeding.

O *Pan*, O *Faunus*, that loue with mayds to be lyuely,
Leaue your pipes, your songs, your dance, leaue of to be lyuely,
Ioyne your teares with *Amyntas* teares, and mourne with *Amyntas*,
And mourne for *Phillis*, for *Phillis* leaueth *Amyntas*.

Phillis for your sake fine wafers duly prepared,
Phillis pleas'd your eyes, whilst *Phillis* dayntyly danced.
Phillis amydst fayre mayds was deemed stil to be fayrest,
And gaue grace to the rest with her eyes and comely behauiour,
As fayre lawrell trees be adorn'd with bewtiful Iuyce,
As fine gold is adorn'd by the shynyng light of a Iasper.

Since death of *Phillis*, noe ioy's enioyeth *Amyntas*,
Euery good thing's gone, *Phillis* tooke euery good thing,
Contrey soyle laments, and Contrey-men be a weeping.

And thou garden greene now powre foorth playnts with *Amyntas*,
Phillis thy sweete bancks and beds did water at eu'nyng,
Phillis amydst thy flowrs always was woont to be walking;
But now noe walking, but now noe water at eu'ning,
Now best flowre is dead, now *Phillis* gone fro the garden.

And you Christall springs with streames of syluer abounding,
Where fayre *Phillis* sawe fayre *Phillis* face to be shynyng,
Powre foorth floods of teares from those your watery fountayns.
Phillis will noemore see *Phillis* sit by the fountayns,
Phillis will noemore her lipps apply to the fountayns,
Lipps, to be ioynd to the lipps of *Ioue* that rulcth *Olympus*.

And you darcksome dales and woods aye wont to be silent,
Where she amydst the Shepherds and toying boisterous Heardsmen
Her mylk-white three-goats many tymes was woont to be feeding,
Lament and mourne for this Nymphs vntymely departure.

But *Pan*, and *Faunus*, but garden greene of *Amyntas*,
But you springs and dales, and woods ay woont to be sylent,
Leaue of your mournyng, ile geue you leaue to be silent,
Leaue to be silent stil, geue you mee leaue to be mournyng.

The second part of the

Leaue to be mournyng stil, let this most heavy departure
This death of *Phillis* bring wished death to *Amyntas*,
Here did he pause for a while, and home at night he returned.



The eighth day.

NOW since fayre *Phillis* was cheested duly, the eighth tyme
Night gaue place to the light, and eu'ning vnto the mornynge:
Whe to the woods so wilde, to the wilde beasts dangerus harbors,
Forfaking hie ways, by the bye wayes passed *Amyntas*:
And there setts hym downe all wearyed vnder a Myrtle,
For grief stil groanyng, with deepe sighs heauyly pantyng,
Stil *Phillis* namyng, stil *Phillis* fayntyly callyng.

And must one wench thus take all the delyte fro the contrey?
And must one wench thus make euery man to be mournyng,
Euery man whose flocks on these hills vse to be feeding?
And must *Eglon* weepe? and must that fryendly *Menalcas*
Weare his mournyng roabe, for death of my bony *Phillis*?
And must good *Corydon* lament? must *Tityrus* alter
His pleasant melodies, for death of my bony *Phillis*?
And must *Dametas* for grief leaue of to be louing?
Must *Anaryllis* leaue, for death of my bony *Phillis*?
And must drooping bull consume as he goes by the meddow,
Must Sheepe look lowring for death of my bony *Phillis*?
And must sighs seeme wyndes, must teares seeme watery fountayns?
And must each thing change for death of my bony *Phillis*?
O then what shal I doe for death of my bony *Phillis*?
Syth that I lou'd bonylasse *Phillis* more dearly than all these,
Syth that I lou'd her more than I loue these eyes of *Amyntas*,
O then what shal I dooe forlorne forsaken *Amyntas*,
What shal I doo but dy, for death of my bony *Phillis*?
Phillis whoe was woont with bowe and shafts to be shooting,

Phillis

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

Phillis whoe was wont my flock with care to be feeding,
Phillis whoe was wont my mylch shee-goates to be mylking,
Phillis whoe was wont (most handsome wench of a thousand)
Either clowted creame, or cakes, or curds to be making,
Either fine baskets of bul-rush for to be framing,
Or by the greene meddowes gay dancing dames to be leading:
Phillis whose bosome filberds did loue to be filling,
Phillis for whose sake greene lawrell lou'd to be bowing,
Phillis, alas, sweete Lasse *Phillis*, this braue bony *Phillis*,
Is dead, is buried, makes all good company parted.

O how oft *Phillis* conferr'd in fields with *Amyntas*?
O how oft *Phillis* did sing in caues with *Amyntas*,
Ioyning her sweete voyce to the oaten pipe of *Amyntas*?
O how oft *Phillis* clypt and embraced *Amyntas*?
How many thousand tymes hath *Phillis* kissed *Amyntas*,
Bitten *Amyntas* lips, and bitten againe of *Amyntas*,
Soe that *Amyntas* his eyes enuy'd these lipps of *Amyntas*?

O sweete soule *Phillis*, w' haue liu'd and lou'd for a great while,
(If that a man may keepe any mortall ioy for a great while)
Lyke louing turtles, and turtle-doues for a great while,
One loue, one lyking, one sence, one soule for a great while,
Therefore one deaths-wound, one graue, one funeral only
Should haue ioynd in one both loue and louer *Amyntas*.

O good God, what a grief is this that death to remember?
For, such grate, gesture, face, feature, beauty, behauiour
Neuer afore was scene, is neuer againe to be lookt for.
O frowning fortune, ô death and destiny dismall;
Thus be the poplar trees that spread their tops to the heauens,
Of their flowring leaues despoild in an howre, in a moment:
Thus be the sweete violets, that gaue such grace to the garden,
Of theyr purpled roabes despoild in an howre, in a moment.

O how oft did I cry, and roare with an horrible howling,
When for want of breath *Phillis* lay faintly gasping?
O how oft did I wish, that *Phæbus* would from my *Phillis*
Driue that feauer away, or send his son from *Olympus*,
Whoe, when Lady *Venus* by a chaunce was prickt with a bramble,
Healed her hand with his oyles and fine knacks kept for a purpose?
Or that I could perceauce *Podalyrius* order in healing,
Or that I could obtaine *Medaæes* exquisit oyntments,
And baths most precious, which ould men freshly reued:

The second part of the

Or that I were as wise as was that crafty *Prometheus*,
Whoe made pictures liue with fire that he stole from *Olympus*.
Thus did I call and cry, but no-body came to *Amyntas*:
Then did I rayle and raue, but nought did I get by my rayling:
Whyllst that I cald and cryde, and rag'd, and rau'd as a mad-man,
Phyllis, alas, *Phyllis* by the burning fits of a feuer,
Quickly before her daye, her dayes vnluckily ended.

O disinal deaths-day, with black stone stil to be noted,
Wherein noe Sun shinde, noe comfort came fro the heauens,
Wherein clustred clouds had cou' red light from *Olympus*.
Wherein noe sweete byrd could finde any ioy to be chyrping,
Wherein loathsome snakes from dens were loath to be creeping,
Wherein fowle scritch owles did make a detestable howling,
And from chymney-top gaue woefull signes of a mischif.

O first day of death, last day of life to *Amyntas*,
Which noe day shali dryue from soule and hart of *Amyntas*,
Til *Neptune* dryde vp, with draw his flouds fro the fishes,
And skaled fishes liue naked along by the sea-shore.

For since *Phyllis* went and left forsaken *Amyntas*,
Ioyes and pleasures went, and left forsaken *Amyntas*:
Perplexed speaking and vayne thoughts only remained,
Immoderate mourning, and mad loue only remained.

Thou *Ioue* omnipotent, which doest with mercy remember
Mortall mens myseries, which knowst what it is to be louing:
And thou God *Phaebus*, that sometymes dryu'n from *Olympus*,
Feeding sheepe didst loue, help luckles Louer *Amyntas*
Feeding his poore sheepe, help poore man, yong man *Amyntas*:
Thou that abridgest breath, and mak'st our light to be darknes,
Cut this threede of life, dispatch and bring me to darknes
Infernall darknes, fit place for mourner *Amyntas*.

Soe shal *Amyntas* walk and talk in darksome *Acheruus*,
Soe shal *Amyntas* loue with *Phyllis* againe be renued,
In fields *Elysian* *Phyllis* shall liue with *Amyntas*.

Thus doe I wish and pray, this praying is but a prating,
And these wishing woords but a blast, but a wynde, but a whistling:
Dy then, *Amyntas*, dye: for dead is thy bony *Phyllis*.

Phaebus went to the sea: to the poore house halted *Amyntas*.



The nyntb day.

SInce *Phillis* buriall, now faire *Aurora* the nyntb time
Shewd her shining face, and *Phæbus* lightned *Olympus*:
When, from couch all wet with teares, confounded *Amyntas*
Rayd his crazd carkas, with minde stil abroad to be wandring
Vnto the wylde beasts dens, and feareful vnhospital harbors,
Where was noething els, but certaine death to be lookt for.

But whilst naked lymes with roabes all ragged he cou' red,
Oft did he call and cry for *Phillis*, for bony *Phillis*,
With deepe sighs and greanes stil *Phillis*, *Phillis*, he called:
And then drest, vp he gets, and gets himself to the desert,
Desert dens, mans sight and Suns light euer abhorring.
There, by the woods wandring, and loue vnlucky bewayling,
More and more did he feede that wonted wound of a louer;

Lyke as a trembling Hart, whose hart is pierst with an arrow,
Runs, and yet running, his death stil beareth about him,
Runs to the thickest groaues, yet bleeds and sweats as he runneth,
Runs, and soe with toyle and grieve, death hasteneth onward:
Then with teares doth he seeke *Dittamus* flowre by the desert,
Seeks, but can not finde *Dittamus* flowre by the desert:
Lyke to the trembling Hart, went hartles louer *Amyntas*;
And thus againe at length (his cheekes with water abounding)
From sullen silence, abruptly began to be raging.

Since *Phillis* lockt vp that starr-light liuely for euer,
Since faire *Phillis* slept that long sleepe, what shal *Amyntas*
Thinke, conceaue, contryue, or what shal *Amyntas* imagin,
What shal *Amyntas* dooe, that *Amyntas* goe not a begging?
For noe care is of health, no care of wealth in *Amyntas*,
Noe ioy, noe comfort, but *Phillis* abydes in *Amyntas*.

Whoe wil fodder now in winter geue to my bullocks?
Whoe wil now any more bring my white Bull to my Heyfer?

Whoe

The second part of the

Whoe wil goats and kyds to the ragged rocks be a driuing?
Whoe wil theepe and lambs from rau'ning woolues be defending?
Whoe wil looke to my rams, and wash theyr fleece in a riuer?
Whoe wil anoynt scab'd theepe, least that contagious humor
Once get strength, make way, and spoyle whole flock of *Amyntas*?
Whoe wil let them blood, when raging fire of a feuer
Runneth along by the bones, and marrow quickly deuoureth?
Whoe wil tender theepe dryue vp fro the fields, to the mountains,
When deepe brooke (increast with raine or snow from *Olympus*)
Driues downe wonted walls, and banks all beateth asunder,
Ouerflowing fields, and pastures sowly defacing?
O poore flock, poore heard, o life and loue of *Amyntas*,
Phyllis life and loue is gone, o wretched *Amyntas*.

Eu n as a Merchant man, whoe lost his ware by a shipwrack,
And ship left on sands with blynde rocks broken a sunder,
Swyms on a boord staggering, with salt-waues all to be dashed,
Dryu'n hence thence with wyndes, and knows noe place to be landing,
Wandring here and there, and sees noe starres to be shyning:
Soe twixt hope and feare, twixt life and death doth *Amyntas*
Dayly delay his dayes, yet deaths wound beareth about him.
For since *Phyllis* alas in a dead sleepe slipt from *Amyntas*,
Inconstant, wandring, distracted, moydred *Amyntas*
Rangeth alone by the rocks, by the woods, by the dens, by the deserts,
Deserts, dens, and woods, and rocks, where no-body walketh,
No-body dare approach for feare of slippery serpents,
And crawling adders with baleful poyson abounding:
And yet I cannot fynde, what I seeke, what I looke, what I long for,
Phyllis I meane, by the rocks, by the woods by the dens, by the deserts.

Since that time, that time of grieve and woe the beginning,
Neither Sun by the day, nor Moone by the night did *Amyntas*
Euer see sleeping, though weake and weary by watching.
And no foode I desire, for I feede too fast on a fancy,
Loue fills fainty stomack, and euery part of *Amyntas*:
And I desire noe drinck, for I drinck vp watery fountains
Fountains of salt teares still trickling, euer-abounding,
Lyke showres in wynter, driu'n downe with wyndes from *Olympus*.

O most mighty *Pales*, which stil bar'st loue to the countrey
And poore countrey-folk, hast thou forgotten *Amyntas*
Now when as other Gods haue all forsaken *Amyntas*?
Thou on whose feast dayes Bonafires were made by *Amyntas*,

And

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

And quyte leapt ouer by the bouncing dauncer *Amyntas*?
Thou for whose feast dayes great cakes ordayned *Amyntas*,
Supping mylk with cakes, and casting mylk to the bonefyre?

And thou surly *Cupid*, thou churlish dame *Cythera*,
With, whose prayse I did once, whilst *Phyllis* aboard with *Amyntas*,
Make these fields to resound, make beasts and men to be wondring,
On pitiful poore wretch is noe care, noe pity taken?
What? shal I noething get for making soemany offrings,
Soemany sweete perfumes, for saying soemany prayers,
All with a garland greene, with leaues of Myrtle adorned?
Are Gods vnthankfull? can noe grace come from *Olympus*?
Are Gods vnmindfull? why then, what meane I to worship,
Worship I knowe not what for a God, when it is but an Idoll?
For, noe guerdon, alas, noe good thing's left for a good man.

Poore foole, what did I meane, on Gods or starrs to be rayling,
As though stars or Gods could alter *Destenies* order?
Poore, foole, what did I meane incessant teares to be sheading,
Stil to the hills, to the woods, to the fields, to the floods to be wayling,
Since these hills, these woods, these fields, these floods to my weeping
Can lend noe feeling, can aford noe sence to my wayling?
Yet wil I call *Phyllis*, though noe-body come by my calling,
And weepe for *Phyllis*, though noegood come by my weeping:
Thus wil I dooe: Many men, many mindes; this pleaseth *Amyntas*.

And yet I cannot abide any more by the woods to be ranging,
And this liuing death, this dying life to be leading:
Dy then *Amyntas*, dy, let *Amyntas* murder *Amyntas*;
Soe shal that grym Syre, and fowle-fac't Prince of *Auernus*
Some pity take, when he sees this wound of muredred *Amyntas*,
This wound wide and large; and losse of grau's but a smal losse.
Soe shal *Amyntas* walk, and *Phyllis* walk with *Amyntas*
Through those pleasant groaues, and flowring fields of *Auernus*.
But yet againe to his house with doubtfull mynde he returned.

The second part of the



The tenth day.

Since that fatall day and howre unlucky, the tenth time
Faيرة *Aurora* betymes by the dayes breake, rose from her husband
Husband old and cold, and drioue darck cloudes from *Olympus*,
Making way to the Sun, taking her way to the yonker
Braue yonker *Cephalus*, whom faيرة *Aurora* desired.

Eolus, of purpose *Auroras* fancy to further,
Sent forth sweete *Zephyrus* with tender breath to be blowing,
And moyst dew by the fields with whistling blast to be dymyng,
Least nightes colde moysture might stay theyr louely proceedings,
Stay braue *Eolides*, stay faيرة *Aurora* fro kissing.

Euery thing did smile, woods, fields, ayre, watery fountains,
Euery Larch did sing, and made sweete myrth to the Morning,
And chereful *Charites* with gold-locks gayly bedecked,
Daunced along by the fields in due and gracious order;
And th'vnruely Satyrs by the sound of a paltery piper,
Leapt and skipt by the woods in most lasciuious order.

Only *Amyntas* loath'd these sports and these pretty pastimes,
Only *Amyntas* mournd, and owld grises only remembered,
Leauing house and home, and deserts only frequenting,
Scratching face with nayles, and *Phillis* freshly bewayling:

O what meanes *Phillis*? can *Phillis* cast off *Amyntas*?
O consider, alas, consider careful *Amyntas*,
And forget not, alas, forget not faithfull *Amyntas*,
Whoe for *Phillis* sake, for loue and fancy to *Phillis*
Beares this fire in his hart, and stil this fire is a feeding.
What meanes *Phillis*, alas, in those fayre fields to be walking,
In those *Elysian* faيرة fields, and leaue me behinde her?
What's there noemore care of flock in *Phillis* abyding?
What? noe care of loue, noe care of loue *Amyntas*?
O vnthankfull wench, if this thing come by thy causing,

Ana:

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

And accursed Fate, if Desteny cause thee to leaue mee.

See what a strange effect these cares haue wrought in *Amyntas*,
Needles cares haue driu'n all needful cares from *Amyntas*.

Noe care, noe comfort in driuing goats to the mountains,
When rising *Phaebus* displays his beames in a morning;
Noe care, noe comfort in bringing sheepe to the sheepe-coates,
When sitting *Phaebus* withdraws his face in an eu'ning.

Rimes are quite set aside, and seu'n-hoald pipe is abandond,
Rimes that I playd on pipe; pipe vsed at euery dauncing:
Leather bottel's lost, and tarr-box broken asunder,

Shoone and myttens gone, and sheepehook cast in a corner,
And litle ould Lightfoote hath lost his Maister *Amyntas*
Whose watchfull barking made woolues afraid to be byting.

See how *Phyllis* death doth make my Goates to be dying:
Noebody giues them Thyme and other flowrs to be gnapping,
Noebody giues them drinck and water fresh to be sipping,
Noebody brings them back to the fold, or shade to refresh them.

See how *Phyllis* death doth make my sheepe to be dying,
Whil'st th'vn lucky Shepheard neglects his sheepe to be feeding,
Lambs in woefull wise by the woolues are dayly deuoured,
Eawes in loathsome sort with scabbs are fowly molested,
And theyr wooll with dust and durt is filthily fowled.

O butt, alas, poore foole, whil'st thou thus rayl'st on *Olympus*,
Phyllis faire, perchaunce, in pleasant fields of *Auernus*
Keepeth better goates, and better sheepe is a feeding,
Leauing this poore flock, and theyr poore master *Amyntas*.

And must only my death cause endles plagues to be ended?
And shal I neuer dy, til time that Desteny poynted?
O, what a life is this, with life and death to be struing?
And yet I loue this life, this strife, and euery moment.
Reason yeelds to my rage, and rage giues place to my reason:
And whil'st breath shal abyde in burning breast of *Amyntas*,
Perpetuall sobbing shal make these sides to be sinarting,
Perpetuall plaining shal make this mouth to be sounding,
Perpetuall weeping shal make these eyes to be swelling.
As soone as *Titan* with face all fyry returneth,
With violent clamors great clowds wil I cast on a cluster.
As soone as darck night doth spread her mantle among vs,
With teares stil trickling, Ile make springs euer abounding:
What loue's lyke to my rage, what fancie's lyke to my folly,

The second part of the

That not a day, not an houre, not a moment scapeth *Amyntas*,
But stil *Amyntas* mourns, since *Phyllis* graue was a making?

That lewd Lord of Loue drew my destruction onward,
That boy bred my bane, my death vntimely procured,
When by the sight of a Lasse, by the flaming eyes of a Virgin,
Fire did pierce by my flesh, to my soule, to my bones, to my marrow,
And there burns and boyls lyke scalding sulphur of *Aetna*.

Whoe would thinke thou Loue couldst beare such hate to a louer?
Or wouldst woork such harme to a countrey-man that is harmeles?
But bloody boy thou art, thou bearest bloody minde, bloody weapons.

And thou most spitefull *Nemesis*, whose hasty reuenging
Hands are euer at hand, whose mynde is mutable alwayes,
At miseries laughing, at mens felicity grudging,
Why durst thou deale with, what didst thou meane to be meddling
With louing *Phyllis*, with *Phyllis* Louer *Amyntas*?

If that *Phyllis* I kist, or *Phyllis* kissed *Amyntas*,

If that *Phyllis* I clypt, or *Phyllis* clipped *Amyntas*,

If that I spent many howres in talking vnder a Myrtle,

Wast any greate offence, any greate disgrace to a goddesse?

Wee were contrey folk, twooe seeliest fowles of a thousand;

Those golden Diadems, that state of a King or a Kingdome

More fitt for *Nemesis*: *Phyllis* more fitt for *Amyntas*:

Who would thinck thou couldst on beggers thus be triumphing?

Why should silly Shepheards be mocked thus by a Goddesse?

Nay godlesse *Nemesis*: for thou doost noe-body goodnes,

And where's noe goodnesse, whoe thinks there can be a Goddesse?

And thou most hellish *Lachesis*, more fierce than a Furie,

What reason foundst thou such mischief for to be working,

That by the gryping paines, by the cold-hoate fits of an ague,

Phyllis fit for a man, shuld dy thus afore she be fitted?

O why shouldst thou take all comfort quite fro the countrey,

And make countrey-men thus comfortlesse to be mourning?

Could not that sweete face, nor that most seemely behauiour,

Nor that league of loue stil lasting leade thee to mercy?

But thy delite is death, and blood thou only desirest,

Therefore bring me to death, take liuing blood from *Amyntas*,

For my delite is death, death only desireth *Amyntas*,

And to procure quick death, its fully resolu'd by *Amyntas*,

That faire *Phyllis* againe may loue her louer *Amyntas*.

And yet about eu'ning with staggering stepps he retyred.



The eleuenth day.

NOW th'eleuenth day from death of *Phillis* approached,
Which to the former rage that long possessed *Amyntas*,
Dogged new conceits with more resolution added.

And shal I stay, qd he, now? shal I wayte for greater aboundance
Of fowle-tormenting horrors? shal I stil be a dying,
And yet liuing stil? Did I thrust my brest on a poynted
Dart, when *Phillis* liu'd, though *Phillis* fled from *Amyntas*?
Yea, did an vntrue tale, did a heare-say woork in *Amyntas*
Soe, that he threw himselfe fro the hill topp desperat, head-long,
Hearing *Phillis* death by *Fulvia* falsly reported?
And shal *Amyntas* now, when he knows, when he sees, when he looks on,
Lookes on *Phillis* alas, and see's her fayntyly gasping,
Lookes, and sees her alas, her last, last breath to be yeelding,
Lookes, and sees those eyes with fathers hands to be cloased,
(Eyes by *Amyntas* his hands more worthyly for to be cloased)
Lookes, and sees, (dead sight) her sacred face to be cou'ed,
And corps embalmed; shal hee now, now feare to be dying?

Daphne stayd darts-wound, and causd it, not to be deaths-wound,
Desteny made downefall for that tyme not to be morall;
But neyther *Daphne*, nor cursed Desteny hencefoorth
Shall withdraw this knife from bleeding brest of *Amyntas*.

Yf *Daphne* could not, nor cursed Desteny would not
Keepe *Phillis* from death; why should they keepe me fro *Phillis*?

Once it was my chaunce my naked louely *Diana*
For to behould by the well; but alas my louely *Diana*
Her poore *Aetons* trueloue vnkynedly requyted,
And freed *Phillis* did fly from freer *Amyntas*.

Afterwards, forsooth, our wedding day was apoynted;

The second part of the

Apples tutcht my chyn, to my lipps streames louely aproached;
But when *Tantalus* hoapte his fruyte and streames to be tutching,
Apples fled fro my chyn, fro my lipps streames louely retyred,
Brydall by buryall was most vntymely preuented,
Now, if woorse doe remayne, let come, let come to *Amyntas*
Ere that *Amyntas* dy, for he meanes noemore to be trifling,
But this self-sacrifice to the sweetest Saint to be offering.

Goe poore Sheepe and Kydds, sometyme the delite of *Amyntas*,
Seeke now somewhere els both boughies and grasse to refresh you,
Make your way by the fyelds, and neuer staye for *Amyntas*,
Lodg your selus at night, and neuer looke for *Amyntas*:
Some pytyfull goodman wil take compassion on you,
And feede you wandring, and bring you home by the eu'nyng:
Now shal I neuer more your hornes with flowrs be adomyng,
Now shal I neuer more your selus to the fyelds be a dryuyng,
Now shal I neuer more see you creepe vp to the Mountayns,
Now shal I neuer more sitt downe and sing in a valley.
Thinck it noe strange thing if Woolus doe chaunce to deuoure you,
Sith that Woolues are lyke to deuoure your master *Amyntas*,
Vnles some good man this carkas chaunce to be cou'ring.

Goe poore louing dogg, ould Light-foote, seeke thee a master,
Get thee a new master, since thyne ould master *Amyntas*
Gets hym another dogg, fowle *Cerberus* horrible hell-ounde.
Now shal I neuer more geue Light-foote bones to be gnawing,
Now shal I neuer more cause Light-foote glooues to be fetching:
Yf, for thy feeding from a whelp, thou meane to be thankfull,
Then keepe rauynng Woolus from wounded corps of *Amyntas*.

Pype, fitt for meryment, vnfit for mourner *Amyntas*,
Hang on this myrtle, til good luck send the a master,
More blessed master, than tentynnes curled *Amyntas*.

Roses fayre and red, which *Phillis* lou'd to be wearing,
Keepe stil fayre and red, keepe fresh and louely for euer,
My red blood shal stil geue new supply to the rednes.

Yuychurch farewell; farewel fayre *Pembrokianaes*
Park and loued lawndes; and, if fayre *Pembrokiana*
Scorne not my farewel, farewell fayre *Pembrokiana*.

Hills and dales farewell, you pleasant walks of *Amyntas*,
Floods and wells farewell, sweete looking glasse of *Amyntas*.
Now shal I neuer more my sorrows vtter among you,
Now shal I neuer more with clamors vaynly molest you,

Countesse of Pembrokes Tuxchurch.

Handkercher farewell, sweete work of my bony *Phillis*,
Handkercher many tymes made moyst with teares of *Amyntas*,
Now shal thy Gelyflowres; which wanted nought but a rednes,
Proue perfect Gelyflowres; my blood shal geue them a rednes,
Soe shal *Phillis* woork in part be the woork of *Amyntas*.

Hart of gold, farewell, which *Phillis* gaue to *Amyntas*,
Signe of a louing hart, which greeues my heart to be leauing:
And would neuer leaue, vnles that I meant in a moment,
This my liuing hart, and hart of gold to be leauing.

Wedding ring, farewell, thee's gone, whose yuory finger
Should haue been thy grace: full well did I cause to be grauen
In thy golden round, those words as true as a Gospell,
Loue is a bitter-sweete, fit woords for bitter *Amyntas*.

Farewell knife at last, whose poynt engraue'd in a thousand
Barkes of trees that name, sweete name of my bony *Phillis*,
And hard by that name this name of Louer *Amyntas*:
Soe that in euery ash, these names stood, *Phillis Amyntas*,
And each Beech-tree bark, bare these names, *Phillis Amyntas*:
Pastors dayly did ask, what folk are, *Phillis Amyntas*?
Nymphs did dayly demaund, who wrote this, *Phillis Amyntas*?
But now, loued knife, thy paine is somewhat abridged,
Now write *Phillis* alone, and noemore, *Phillis Amyntas*:
Now write *Phillis* alone, but let not an ash, or a beech-tree
Beare soe blessed a name, which only belongs to *Amyntas*:
My brest shal be the bark, write *Phillis* name in *Amyntas*:
And since sharpned poynt shal finde soe tender a subiect,
Strike, engraue, cut, launse, spare not to be mightily wounding:
Let faire *Phillis* name to the eyes of louely beholders
With blood-red letters in *Amyntas* his hart be apearing,
Yet this murdring stroake to an other time he referred.

The second part of the



The twelfth day.

ANd now since *Phillis* dead corps was layd in a coffyn
Twelfth day came at last, when weake, yet wakeful *Amyntas*
Spy'de through tyles of his house fayre *Phaebus* beames to be shy-
Which when he saw, then in haste hymself he began to be stirring, (myng)
And with trembling knees, with mynde extreamely molested;
Passed along to the fyelds where graue of *Phillis* appeared,
Meanyng there to the graue, to the ghost, to the scattered ashes
His last lamenting in woeful wise to be making.

But when he saw fresh flowrs and new grasse speedly start vp,
And *Phillis* sweete name ingraun by the hande of *Amyntas*,
Then did he stay, and weepe, with an inward horror amased:
And at length his knees on graue there fantly bowing,
With dolorous groanyngs his fatall howre he bewayled.

This day, this same day, most blessed day of a thousand,
Shall be the first of ioy, and last of anoy to *Amyntas*,
This shall bring mee myself to myself, and bring mee to *Phillis*.

Let neyther father nor mother mourne for *Amyntas*,
Let neyther kinsman, nor neighbour weepe for *Amyntas*,
For *Venus*, only *Venus* doth lay this death on *Amyntas*,
And *Phillis* sweete sowle in fayre fyelds stays for *Amyntas*.

Yf you needs will shew some signe of loue to *Amyntas*,
Then when life is gone, close vp these eyes of *Amyntas*,
And with *Phillis* corps lay this dead corps of *Amyntas*,
This shal *Phillis* please, and *Phillis* louer *Amyntas*.

And thou good *Thyrsis*, dryue forth those Sheepe of *Amyntas*,

Countesse of Pembrokes Ruxchurch.

Least that *Amyntas* Sheepedy with theyr master *Amyntas*.
And thou good *Daphne*, when soe thou gang'st to the Mountayns,
Dryue on *Phillis* Goates, sayre *Phillis* Goates to the Mountayns;
For now, now at length, ile leaue this life for a better,
And seeke for mending in a most vnnatural ending.

Must then *Amyntas* thus but a stripling murder *Amyntas*?
O what an imperious princeesse is Queene *Cythera*?
For, stil-watching loue would neuer let me be resting,
Nor neuer sleeping since *Phillis* went from *Amyntas*.
And noe longer I can susteine these infynit horrors
And pangs incessant, which now are freshly reuued
And much augmented; therefore am I fully resolu'd
Of lingring loues wound to be speedily cur'd by a deaths-wound.

Thus when he had contru'd in his hart this desperat outrage,
And meante fully to dy, with an hellish fury bewitched,
What doe I stay, & he, now? tis losse of tyme to be lingring:
Then with a fatall knife in a murdring hand, to the heauens
Vp did he looke for a while, and groan'd with a deadly resounding,
With these woords his life and lamentation ending.

Gods and ghosts forgiue, forget this fault of *Amyntas*,
Pardon I craue of both, this knife shall bring me to *Phillis*,
And end these myseries, though destiny flatly deny it.

Eu'n as he spake these woords, downefell deepe-wounded *Amyntas*,
Fowling hands and ground with streames of blood that abounded.
And good-natur'd ground pytying this fall of *Amyntas*,
In most louing wise, very gently receau'd *Amyntas*,
And when he fell, by the fall, in mournfull fort, she resounded.

Iupiter in meane-tyme, and th'other Gods of *Olympus*,
When they saw this case (though great things were then in handling)
Yet lamented much, and then decree'd, that *Amyntas*
Sowle should goe to the fyelds where blessed *Phillis* abydeth,
And bloody corps should take both name and forme of a fayre flowre
Call'd *Amaranthus* then, for *Amyntas* fryendly remembrance.

Whil'st these things by the Gods were thus decree'd in *Olympus*,
Senses were all weake, and almost gone from *Amyntas*,
Eyes were quyte sightles, deaths-pangs and horror aproached.

Then with his head half vp, most heauyly groan'd *Amyntas*,
And as he groan'd, then he felt his feete to the ground to be rooted,
And seeking for a foote could fynde noe foote to be sought for,

The second part of the

For both leggs and trunk to a stalk were speedily changed,
And that hisould marrow to a cold iuyce quickly resolved,
And by the same could iuyce this stalk stil lyuely appeared.
Which strange change when he felt, then he lifted his arms to the heauens,
And, when he lifted his armes, then his arms were made to be branches;
And now face and hayre of *Amyntas* lastly remayned;
O what meane you Gods to prolong this life of *Amyntas*?
O what meane you Gods? with an hollow sound he repeated,
Vntil his hollow sound with a stalk was speedily stopped,
And fayre face and hayre bare forme and shape of a fayre flowre,
Flowre with fayre red leaues, fayre red blood gaue the begynnyng.
Then with bow and shafts, and paynted quiver about hym,
Vprose Lord of loue from princelyke seate in *Olympus*,
And, when it was too late, laments this losse of a louer,
Speaking thus to the Gods of this new flowre of *Amyntas*.

Myrtle's due to *Venus*, greene laurel's deare to *Apollo*,
Come to the Lady *Ceres*, and vines to the yong mery *Bacchus*,
But thou fayre *Amaranthus*, gentlest flowre of a thow sand,
Shalt be my flowre henceforth, and though thou camst from a bleeding.
Yet blood shalt thou staunch, this guyft wil I geue the for euer:
And by the pleasant parke where gentlemynnded *Amyntas*
Lately bewayld his loue, there thy leaues louly for euer,
Boyes and gyrls and Nymphs, shall take a delite to be plucking.
Take a delyte of them theyr garlands gay to be making.

And now in meane tyme whylst these things were thus a working,
Good louing neighbours for a long tyme mylled *Amyntas*,
And by the caues of beasts, by the dungeons darck, by the deserts,
And by the hills and dales, by the wells and watery fountayns,
Sought for *Amyntas* long, but neuer met with *Amyntas*.

Downe in a dale at last, where trees of state, by the pleasant
Yuychurches parck, make all to be sole, to be silent,
Downe in a desert dale, *Amaryllis* found *Amaranthus*,
(Nymph, that, *Amyntas* iou'd, yet was not lou'd of *Amyntas*)
Founde *Amaranthus* fayre, seeking for fayrer *Amyntas*;
And with fayre newe flowre fayre *Pembrokiana* presented.

Who, by a strayte edict, commaunded yearely for euer
Yuychurches Nymphs and Pastors all to be present,
All, on that same day, in that same place to be present,
All, *Amaranthus* flowre in garlands then to be wearing,

And

Countesse of Pembrokes Trenchurch.

And all, by all meanes *Amaranthus* flowre to be prayling,
And all, by all meanes his *Amyntas* death to be mourning.

Yea, for a iust monyment of tender-mynded *Amyntas*,
With newfound tytles, new day, new dale she adorned,
Cal'd that, *Amyntas* Day, for loue of louer *Amyntas*,
Cal'd this, *Amyntas* Dale, for a name and fanie to *Amyntas*.

1
FINIS.

La

The



The Lamentation of Corydon, for the loue of A- lexis, verse for verse out of Latine.

Silly Shepherd *Corydon* lou'd hartly fayre lad *Alexis*
His masters dearling, but saw noe matter of hoping;
Only amydst darck groues thickset with broade-shadoe beech-trees.
Dayly resort did he make, thus alone to the woods, to the mountayns,
With broken speeches fond thoughts there vayne reuealing.

O hard-harted *Alexis*, I see my verse to be scorned,
Myself not pytyed, my death by thee lastly procured.
Now doe the beasts eu'n seeke for cooling shade to refresh them,
And now greene Lizards in bushes thorny be lurking,
And, for saynt reapers by the suns rage, *Thestylis* hastnyng,
Strong-smelling wylde tyme and garlyck, beates in a mortar:
But whil'st scorcht *Corydon* doth trace his lonely *Alexis*,
Groues by the hoarse-chirping Grashoppers yeeld a resounding.

Wast not farr better t'haue borne with surly *Menalcas*,
And sore displeased, disdaineful, prowd *Amaryllis*,
Although thou white were, although but swarty *Menalcas*?
O thou fayre white Boy, trust not too much to thy whytenes:
Fayre whyte flow'rs fall downe, black fruyts are duely reserued.

Thou car'st not for mee: my state thou know'st not *Alexis*,
What flocks of white Sheepe I doe keepe, of mylk what abundance:
On *Sicil* high Mountayns my Lambs feede more than a thousand;
New mylk in summer, new mylk in wynter I want not:

My

My song's like *Thebane Amphions* song, when he called
His wandring bullocks on *Greekish* mount *Aiacynthus*.
Nor soe fowle be my lookes; for I saw myself by the sea-shore,
When seas all calme were: Ile orecome *Daphnis*, I doubt not,
Eu'n by thy owne iudgement, vnles my face doe deceaue mee.

O let this be thy will, to frequent my rustical harbors,
And simple cotages, sticking in forcks to vphould them,
And driue on forward our flock of Kidds to the mallowes.
Wee wil amidst wylde woods contend *Pans* song to resemble;
Pan was first that quills with wax tyde ioyn'tly togeather,
Pan is good to the sheepe, and *Pan* is good to the sheepecsman.

Neither think it a shame to thyself t'haue playd on a corne-pipe;
For, that he might doe the same with skil, what did not *Amyntas*?
Damatus long since did geue me a pipe for a token,
Compackt of seu'n reedes all placed in order vnexquall:
And thus said when he dy'de; one vsed it only before thee:
Thus said *Damatus*; this greued foolish *Amyntas*.

Also twooe prety kidds doe I keepe, late found in a valley
Dangerus, and theyr skins with milk-white spots be bedecked,
Of damis milk not a drop they leaue, and for the I keepe them:
Thestylis of long tyme hath these kydds of me desired:
And they shall be her owne; for that thou scorn'st what I geue thee.

Come neare, ô faire boy; loe, Nymphs here bring thee the Lillies
With full stufft baskets, faire *Nais*, loe, to thy comfort
White Violets gath'ring, and Poppies daintily topping,
Daffadil adds to the same, and leaues late pluckt fro the sweete Dill:
Then mingling *Cassia*, with diuers sauory sweete flowres,
With yealowish Marigold see the tender Crow to bedecketh.

Ile pluck hoare Quinces with soft downe daintily cloathed,
And Chestnutts which were lou'd of my sweete *Amaryllis*:
Add wil I wheate plumbs too, for this fruite will be regarded:
And you, Lawrell leaues, wil I pluck, and next to the Lawrell
Leaues, Ile pluck Myrtle; for soe plac't, yeeld yee the sweete sent.

Th'art but a foole *Corydon*; for first, guifts moue not *Alexis*,
Then, though thou giue much, yet much more giue wil *Ialas*.

But what alas did I meane? I doe let goe madly the Southwinde
Into the flowers, and boars send forward into the cleare springs.

Whom flit'st thou, fond boy? Many Gods haue gladly resorted
And *Paris* of *Troy*-towre, to the woods: let towres by *Minerna*
Built, by *Minerna* be kept, and woods of vs only regarded.

Alexis.

Grimme Lionesse runneth to the Woolf, and Woolf to the yong-Goate,
And wanton yong-Goate to the flowring Tetrifol hastneth,
And *Coridon* to *Alexis*; a self-joy draweth on each man.

But loe, Plow comes home hangd fast by the yoke to the bullocks,
And shadoe, by *Phæbus* declining, dooble apeareth,
Yet doe I burne with loue: for what meane can be to louing?
Ah *Coridon*, *Coridon*, what mad rage hath thee bewitched?
Thy vine's scarce half cut, pestred with leaues of her elmetree:
Leaue this churlish boy; and bend thyself to thy busnes;
With twiggs and bulrush some needful thing be a making:
Thou shalt finde others, though th'art disdagn'd of *Alexis*.

F I X I S.



*The beginning of Heliodorus his
Ethiopian History.*

AS soone as Sun-beames could once peepe out fro the mountaynes,
And by the dawne of day had somewhat lightned *Olympus*,
Men, whose lust was law, whose life was stil to be lusting,
Whose thryuing theeuing, conueyd themselves to an hil-top,
That stretched forward to the *Heracleotical* entry
And mouth of *Nylus*: looking thence downe to the maine-sea
For sea-faring men; but seeing none to be sayling,
They knew 'twas booteles to be looking there for a booty:
Soe that straight fro the sea they cast theyr eyes to the sea-shore;
Where they saw, that a ship very strangely without any shipman
Lay then alone at roade, with cables tyde to the maine-land,
And yet full-fraighted, which they, though farr, fro the hil-top,
Easily might perceauce by the water drawne to the deck-boards.

But men on euery side lay scattred along by the sea-shore,
Some dead, some dying, some whose corps heauily panting
Shewed a late fighting, though noe iust cause of a fighting:
Onely a man might gesse, there had been some bloody banquet
Which to the guests quaffing gaue such vnfortunat ending.
For bancks with tables, tables with dayntry deuises
And delicate dishes were there well stored, amongst which
Some seru'd as weapons in this foe desperat onfet,
Weapons with pale hands of dead-men greedily clasped:
Some lay as cou'rings on such as feare had amazed,
Cou'rings for feint harts whoe thither seem'd to be creeping,
Cupps were all throwne downe; some fell fro the greedy carowfers
Hands feint and feeble; some flew like stones fro the fingers
Of them, whoe new shifts for deadlifts quickly preparing,
Vsd' bowles for bullets, and caused pots to be pellets.

Of them, whose carkas lay mangled along by the sea-shoare,
Some with fire were burnt, and some were brusde with a leuer,
Some with an axe were knockt, and some were hurt with a shel-fish,
With shels of sea-fish, by the sea-shore euer abounding,
Some this way, some that; but most with feathered arrowes.

Æthiopia.

Soe blood brewd with wyne, soe buffers ioynd to the banquets,
Killing with swilling and beating vnto the eating,
Caused a strange wonder to the theecues, whose saw fro the hill-top
Men kyld, noe killers; many dead, noe conqueror extant,
Victory, noe spoyling, shipp fraughted, yet not a shipman.

But, notwithstanding for a time they stood thus amazed,
Yet for greedy desire of gaine they hastened onward
And drew nere to the place, where men lay all to bemangled,
And ship-full-fraughted; thinking themselves to bee victors.

But, good God, what a sight, what a strange sight, yea, what a sweet sight,
And yet a woeful sight, to the theecues vnlookt-for appeared?

There was a maide soe made, as men might thinck her a Goddesse,
There was a sweete-fac't maide, that sate on a rock by the sea-shore,
Sate on a rock full sad to behold this desperat outrage,
Sad, yet not dismaid to behold this desperat outrage,

For that a maidens face was there well matcht with a mans-hart.
Lawrel crowned her head, but her head gaue grace to the lawrell:
Left hand arm'd with a bow, and back with a quyer adorned,
Right hand held vp her head; her thyne was a stay to the right hand:
Head neuer mouing, eyes euer fixed on one thing,
Fixed on one yong man sore wounded downe by the sea-shore.

Sore-wounded yongman now lifted his eyes to the heauens
Heauily, like to a man that's wak'ned late from a dead sleepe,
And yet he seemed faire and looked louely for all that;
And though some bloody spots his face had lately defaced,
His whiteness by the red more fresh and liuely appeared.

Sore-wounded yongman for grief now closed his eye-lids,
And yet he causd this mayd very stedily stil to behold him,
Stil to behold his wounds and face very stedily, soethat
Whosoe lookt to the mayd must alsoe looke to the yongman;
Whoe, when he came t' himself, these woords very faintly vtred:
And art thou yet saul, thou sweetest soule of a thousand,
Or by thy death hast thou augmented this bloody slaughter?
Whether death doe triumph, or whether life be prolonged,
Whom Loue hath ioyned, noe death shall cause to be sen' red.
In thee alone doe I ioy, and for thee alone am I liuing,
On thee alone doe I see my wealth to be wholly depending.

And thee alone I doe loue, that sweete Nymph quickly replied,
On thee alone I relye: therefore was I fully resolu'd,
With this knife, loe here, t' haue speedily giu'n mee my death-wound
But that I looke for life, and hoapt for a timely recou'ry.

Ethiopia.

Thus said, lightly she leapt fro the stone; which made the beholders
Like men lately amazd with a lightning, run to the bushes,
And there hyde themselves for feare and wonder among them.
For, standing vpright, this mayde more stately appeared,
And much more diuine, and farr more lyke to a Goddesse.
Her shafts on shoulders did clash by her hasty remouing,
Her gold-wrought garments by the Sun-beames glystred about her,
And fro the greene garland her fayre hayre sweetly befeeming
Scattered abroad by the wynde, fell daintily downe to the gyrdle:
Which princelyke marching of a mayden greatly apaled
Those timorous vagabonds, whoe peeping out fro the bushes
Saw thus a strange wonder, but knew noe cause of a wonder.

Some said, Sure this Nymph must needs be the mighty *Diana*,
Some rather thought her that great *Egyptian Isis*
Whom those men worshippt; and some were flatly resolued
That some Priest of Gods inspyr'd with fury from heauen
Had causd that bloodshed; soe euery man was a gessing,
Noeman gessed aright, noeman came nere to the matter.

But shee away gan fly, and ran forthwith to the yongman,
Weeping sore for his hurts, his wounds very daintily wiping,
Kissing, embracing, pitying, and greatly bewayling
His late misfortune and grieve; which causd the beholders
Quickly to change their minde and former opinion alter.
And are these, said they, such wondrous woorks of a Goddesse?
What? can a Goddesse kisse, can a Goddesse clip thus a dead-man?
What? can such loue-tricks and fancies fly to the heauens?
Nay, then downe lets goe, and see what may bee the matter:
Soe then downe they goe to behold what might be the matter,
Goe to the mayde; whoe then this yongmans wounds was a dressing.

When they came to the mayde, they stopt and staid on a suddaine,
And not a woord, for life, was there once vttered among them,
And not a deede, for life, was there attempted among them,
But like stocks or stones they stoope very ghastly beside her.

When she beheld the shadowes of men stand rightly before her,
And perceaued a sound and noyse of somewhat about her;
Thereat soniewhat mou'd, herself shee remoued a litle,
And lookt back for a while, but againe very speedily stouped
Downe to the yongmans wounds, and them with care was a dressing,
Noething troubled at all to behold that company theeuish,
Which there gapte for a pray, and glystred in armor about her.
Such is true-loues force, that where it taketh a lyking,

Æthiopia.

There noe payne is felt, noe pleasure can be regarded
In respect of that which is soe dearly beloued.

But when those Rakehells gan march on bowldly before her
With fowle black visages, making some shew of an onset,
Vp then againe, poore wench, herself shee began to bee lyfing,
And thus spake, theyr lookes, and countnance ougly beholding.
Yf that you be the ghosts of such as lately departed,
Then doe yee vs greate wrong with such strange sights to molest vs :
For mooste parte of you your selus haue fylthyly murdered,
And wee for our sauegard, God knowes, were forc'r to be fighting
Syth force and violence were offered vnto my person:
Yf not ghosts but men, then sure yee bee thecues, as apeareth
By your night-walking; and wee shall thinck it a pleasure,
If you cause our death, our death cause grieft to be dying.

Thus shee bewayld her woe; but alas those barbarus outlawes
Vnderstood noe woord, noe part of her heauy bewayling;
But there left them alone as noething lyke to be starting;
And ran straight to the ship with treasures wished abounding,
With precious diamonds, gold, syluer, curius arrace
Cloathes, and finest sylk themselus all heauyly loading,
Other wares, that were of lesse price, lightly regarding.

When that enough was brought, and pray pleasd greedy desyring,
All was caste on a heape, and then they fell to dyuyding
And parting booties, by the greatenes, not by the goodnes,
Thincking afterwards, of those poore sowles to determyne,
Pooreman, poore mayden. But now whilst this was a working,
Other thecues gan aproach, whose foremen lustyly praunfing
Were two stout horsemen, resolute, and fram'd for an onset.

First thecues feare last thecues (one robber robbeth an other)
Feare, and fly for feare; and leaue theyr booty behynde them,
Least by a quyk pursuyte theyr pray might chaunce to betray them
Into the hands of these last thecues, in number abounding,
They ten, these thrice ten. Now, now that louely *Virago*
Was captuyed againe, poore sowle, and yet not a captiue.

For these last rousers, though greedily bent to the booty,
Yet somewhat fearefull (thecues alway vse to be fearefull)
And with wonder amas'd (such fight might well be a wonder)
Paused a while, and thought those former thecues to be autors
Of this fowle outrage: but when they lastly reflected
Theyr distracted sight to the braue and gl'orius object
Of sweete Nymph, with strange attyre yet costly adorned,

Aethiopia.

Stowt-hart Nymph, that styrd not a foote nor feard any danger,
(And yet well, too well shee might haue feared a danger)
Constant Nymph, whose eyes, hart, hands were bent to the yongman,
Louing Nymph, pytying this youngman more then her ownself,
(And yet most pytyfull, God knows, shee seemed her ownself)
Theeues themselues, rude theeues were eu'n compeld to be wondring
At this mayds courage, nothing dismayd at a myschif,
At this mayds persnage, noething empayrd by a myschif,
At this man, though sore, yet tall and comely apearng
Eu'n as hee lay on ground ; for now was hee somewhat amended,
And had strength at length and former beauty recou'ed.

After much gazing, theyr guyde and capten aproaching
Caught poore mayde by the hande, and bade her for to bee ryfing
And accompany hym : poore mayde surprysde by the capten
Vnderstood not a woord, (as borne in a contrary countrey)
And yet gest what hee ment : and cleaued fast to the yongman,
And held yongman fast, and cuery way shee declared ;
Vnles yongman went, shee neuer meant to be going,
Vnles yongman went, herself shee meant to be murdring,
And with a knife in her hand to her hart shee begins to be poynting.

Which when theyre capten (with some compassion harcknyng)
Partly by her wyld talk perceau'd, but chiefly by gesture,
And saw this yongman, though wounded, yet to be manly,
And very lyke to be fitt for some greate noble auenture
If that he once might chaunce his former strength to recouer,
Hymself dismounting commaunds his squire to be lighting,
And yongman youngmayd to the horses straight to be lyting.
Then byds his fellowes take opportunity offred,
And make haste after, when spoyles and booty be gathered :
Himself by theyr sydes stil runs as a page or a lackey,
Staying wounded-man, weake mayde for feare of a falling.

Thus was a Lord at last made vassall vnto a vassall,
Thus was a braue capten made captyue vnto a captyue ;
Soe doth Noblesse woork, and soe much bewty preuayleth,
That very theeues themselues it some cyuilyty teacheth,
And theyr bruytish breasts to a new humanyty frameth.

Thus for two forlongs they passed along by the sea-shore ;
Then leauing Neptune, they turn'd theyr course to the left-hand
Ouer a hill to a poole, which there lyes downe in a valley,
Valley growne to a lake and standing poole by the swelling
And ouerflowing o. Nilus downe to the valley:

Aethiopia.

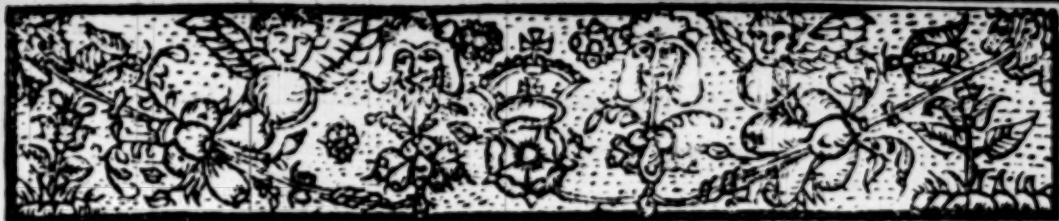
Poole very huge and deepe, whose vtmost brims by the marshes,
As salt sea by the shore, enclosed, was a notable harbor
Of rogues and robbers and all *Egyptian* outlawes.

Theyr floating whytries are soe contriued in order,
That they serue these theecus as well for coates to be dwelling,
As for boates, by the poole, that rogiſh sea, to be passing:
Since each part of land lyes ouerspred by the water,
But some smale angles and nookes, that chaunce to be peeping
Here and there by the poole: whereon these raskaly scapethrifies
Patch vprude cotages, fitt bowres for such an assembly.
In these boates theyr trulles and wyues keepe vsual howishold,
Here theyr bratts are borne and bred, fit neast for a poole-byrde.
Poole-byrde first brought forth, sucks mothers mylk for a season,
Then feeds on fishes, when sucking dayes be determynd,
Fishes caught in poole, and roasted a whyle by the sun-beames.
But when hee fynds his feete, and gins by the boate to be creeping,
One leggs tyde to a cord, for feare of a fall or a ducking:
Soe this yong crackrope, by a corde is traynd to a halter,
And scapes from drownynge, that hee may growe fit for a hangynge.
Euery yonker that fro the poole thus takes a begynnyng,
In this poole stil keepes, and there doth he make his abyding:
Poole is his howse and home, in poole his lyfe hee reposeseth
Poole is a trusty refuge which poole-babes strongly protecteth.

This makes wandryng squyres that lyue by the spoyle of an other,
Shyfters, nyght-walkers, rousers, and all the detested
Pack of rogues to the poole, rag, rag, to be dayly repaying.
As Lords and Ladies of a lake, securely triumphing.
For this marsh with reedes, this poole with water abounding,
Water seru's as a wall, and reedes in steede of a bullwark.
And for a further strength to the place, they craftyly framed
Dyuers blynde bywayes and crooked walks with a the T and
Turnyngs and wyndings, as well known vnto the autors
And marshmen themselues, as not known vnto a stranger.
Soe that on euery syde they thinck theyr fort to be fenced,
And noe danger at all, and noe pursuyte to be feared.

Now had fyery *Phlegon* his dayes reuolution ended,
And his snoring snowt with salt waues all to beewailed,
When to the Poole with spoyles, &c.

Carmen amat, qui quis carmine digna gerit.



Errata.

B. 29. He that will, may for those verses,
He soone charme thy cheek, this secrete lately I learned
Of Beldamo Sagane, for an yuory combe that I gave her.

Reade these,

He soone charme thy cheek: this charme did Aresia teach mee,
For myne yuory horne, with gold all brauely adorned.

D. 14. In most part of the impression, by too much haste, *basfnes* went
foorth, in steede of, hasteneth. I. 2. 29. For *flodes*, reade *floodes*. K. 3.

17 For *corps*, reade *corps*.